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Vol. 43. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1891. No. 15.

For Table of Contents, Terms, etc., see opposite page.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE new emigration law which went into effect last week is a measure which was unanimously accepted by Congress for the simple reason that it contained few provisions that could do any harm or any good. It is, however, an improvement upon the contract labor law which it succeeds, and closes many of the loopholes in that measure which permitted the most undesirable classes of emigrants to be brought to this country. One of the provisions of the new act forbids steamship companies to issue prospectuses or employ agents to stimulate immigration, and makes them responsible in case they transport to our shores paupers or criminals. The immediate effect of this has been that at least one of the great steamship lines has advanced the price of emigrant tickets by $2 50. Indirectly, therefore, the bill imposes a slight protective tariff upon the importation of foreign labor. This National measure restricting immigration is, however, less interesting than the State measure adopted a week earlier in California. Ever since 1855, when a tax of $55 was imposed upon every Chinese immigrant, legislative enactments and municipal ordinances against Chinese immigration have been frequent in that State. The earlier acts were all overthrown by the decisions of our Federal Court that they were inconsistent with our treaty with China, and that only the Federal Government had the right to regulate foreign commerce. Inasmuch as Congress has itself prohibited the immigration of Chinese, the new law cannot be overthrown upon the same grounds as the old. Yet its constitutionality is certainly questionable. It requires every Chinese resident of California, at the expense of five dollars, to obtain from the public authorities a "certificate of residence," upon which "shall be printed or pasted a well-taken photograph of ap. plicant, including, when possible, all facial marks or other features calculated to aid in a ready identification. Any Chinaman found within the State without one of these "certificates of residence" shall be arrested and transported to his own country. In order to enforce this provision, it is required that not only the masters of ships, but the ticket agents and conductors upon railroads, must examine the certificates of each Chinese passenger, and cause the arrest of those who are without them. In this way the immigration of Chinese from other States is prohibited as effectually as their immigration from China. This feature of the act seems to us to be a clear violation of the Constitution. Control over interstate commerce belongs as exclusively to Congress as control over foreign commerce.

* * *

The strike in the Connellsville coke regions which has been going on for upwards of eight weeks reached a disastrous culmination last Thursday. Nearly one thousand strikers who had paraded the streets of Mount Pleasant the night before, determined at a midnight mass-meeting to march upon the Frick Company's Morewood plant. The object of this march, according to the strikers themselves, was to be present at the opening of the mine for the sake of the "moral effect" it would have in preventing the miners who had taken their places from returning to work. According to the company's officers, the object of the march was to destroy their works. The first squad of the strikers, nearly five hundred strong, is alleged to have raided one of the company's stores along the road. When it approached the works the captain of a force of fifteen deputy sheriffs which was on guard ordered the mob to stop. Failing to receive instant obedience, and seeing some of the strikers "move as if to climb the fence" into the company's yards, he gave the order "Fire." At the first volley the strikers halted. At the second, which followed immediately, they gave way and fell back in confusion. Whether or not they were armed or returned the shots of the deputies is not certain. We only know that none of the sheriff's force was injured, while ten of the strikers were killed and a larger number were wounded. A partial list of those killed, published the morning after the riot, read as follows: Creszo Binero, Italian; John Fudora, Antonio Rist, Pole; Jacob Schucaskey, Pole; James Prochte, Pole; Valentine Zeidel, Slav; Paul Dohannis, Slav. These names make clear that the rioting force consisted of the poorest class of foreign workmen, who were brought into the mining regions to furnish cheap labor and break up the miners' unions. Both before and after the riot, the leaders of the miners' unions used all their power to prevent violence. The hotheads among the strikers called for a grand demonstration on Friday morning, at which the men should parade, fifteen thousand strong, in the presence of the two regiments of militia which Governor Pattison had ordered upon the scene. But the labor leaders sent out orders everywhere that no strikers should leave their homes. On Saturday, when the funeral of the dead miners took place, it was again feared that there would be a riot for revenge, but nearly seventeen thousand strikers marched to and from the cemetery in sullen quiet. The discipline which has been maintained has gone far to strengthen the belief that the firing by the deputy sheriffs was unnecessary.

* * *

The Copyright act will go into effect on the 1st of July. There remains, therefore, three months during which the black flag of piracy may still wave with impunity so far as legal penalties are concerned. It would have been very gratifying to every American, sensitive of the National honor, if the moral obligation of that which is to become a law had been recognized in the interval. We are humiliated to note, however, the announcement of a pirated edition of Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth." Regarding this work the American conscience ought to be peculiarly sensitive. It is a work of one of the foremost scholars of the day in the department of political comment and philosophy; a man in the maturity of his years and at the height of his fame; who has given, not only long-continued thought, but years of study, observation, and travel, at a very considerable personal expense, in order to qualify himself for this work. "The American Commonwealth" represents in a peculiar degree the element of financial expenditure and value. More than this, it is much the most effective and able interpretation of republicanism which has yet been made to the modern world. No other work compares with it as an exposition of America to Europe. If we have any enthusiasm for republican institutions, or faith in them, Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth" ought to be dear to us as an incomparable text-book. More than all this, it is a most generous, open-hearted, and open-minded recognition of whatever was good, sound, and promising in our country. This is the work which a Chicago publishing house proposes to steal, and reprint in a cheap and consequently ignoble form, without any benefit to the author, thus robbing Professor Bryce of the just returns of his labor. We advise all our readers to purchase no copy of "The American Commonwealth" which does not bear the imprint of Messrs. Macmillan & Company, the authorized publishers, and we warn our readers that no reprint, whatever is claimed for it, can be complete. In addition to being stolen it must be mutilated, since certain chapters in the original work were prepared in part by American hands, and have been copyrighted.

* * *

Growing out of the recent terrible tunnel accident, the Directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company have been indicted; not, however, for manslaughter, but for misdemeanor in having the cars of the railroad heated by stoves instead of by steam, hot water, or hot air, as required by the law of New York State. That law directs every road of over fifty miles in length, after May 1, 1888, to take the stoves out of its cars. The New York & New Haven Railroad is chartered in Connecticut, and has but twenty-five and one-half miles of roadbed in New York. It had previously been prosecuted for violation of the law, and a demurrer interposed. The Court of Appeals had overruled the demurrer and sent the case down for trial; from which we judge, though we have not the text of the opinion before us, that the Court holds the railroad amenable to the law, although only twenty-five miles of its roadbed is in the Empire State. It is not for us to judge what the law is upon this subject, nor whether the directors of a corporation are criminally liable as individuals for a violation of the law by the corporation which as a board they control. It would not seem to us just that each individual director should be held criminally responsible for violations of law by the corporation, unless a criminal intent or a criminal negligence were brought home to him personally; and it is equally clear that an interstate railroad ought to be under National, not State, control. Otherwise it would be quite conceivable that the Connecticut Legislature might pass a law forbidding corporations to use steam, and the New York Legislature pass a law forbidding them to use stoves, whereupon the corporation must either violate the law of one or the other State, or all passengers must change cars whenever the boundary line of the State is reached; and this would be only one instance of the inextricable confusion introduced into our railroad system if railroad corporations whose roadbeds run through two or more States are to be subjected to the conflicting legislation of the States in which their road is operated. We are strongly inclined to the opinion that the provision of the Federal Constitution conferring upon Congress power to regulate commerce among the several States gives to it exclusive control over all interstate railroads; and we are very sure that such a construction of the Constitution would be in the interest of National welfare.

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The Australian Federation Convention, which has been in progress since March 3, has agreed upon the title of the nation which it is to found, and the general outlines of its constitution. The "Commonwealth of Australia" is to be a federation modeled after our Union, but concentrating fewer powers in the national government. The powers of the central government are limited to those expressly surrendered by the colonies. Instead of a president independent of congress, and having in time of war almost dictatorial power, the Australian government is to be carried on by a ministry, dependent upon the support of a majority of its congress. The delegates are all agreed that the federal government should control the national forces, but they are almost equally agreed that these should be kept as small as possi-

ble. There is among them a wide difference of opinion about the creation of a supreme court with powers such as ours possesses. According to the London "Spectator," the Australian congress, on the suggested basis, could not even pass a law of treason or one making paper money legal tender. In short, the new nation is one constructed upon the State rights principle of leaving to each colony absolute control over its own affairs, so long as it does not distinctly imperil national interests. The most important effect of the formation of this federation will be the establishment of complete free trade between the several colonies of Australia and a common tariff upon the products of other nations.

* * *

The massacre of nearly five hundred Goorkhas in the Province of Assam, India, is a startling illustration of the difficulties with which the Government of East India has to contend in dealing with the discontented and savage tribes of the hill regions. It seems that the chief commander of Assam had been holding a conference with the tribal chiefs to investigate the recent deposing of the Rajah of the Province. Without warning, his camp was attacked by several hostile tribes, and his native force of infantry, after fighting desperately against heavy odds, was almost completely destroyed. These Goorkhas, by the way, are an exceedingly interesting people; they have been aptly called the Highlanders of India; they have always been loyal, are brave as the bravest English soldiers, and as a fighting force are vastly superior to the other native troops. Like the Scotch Highlanders, their home is in the mountains, and, like them also, they have been trained to become, instead of lawless depredators, the best of disciplined soldiers. The Viceroy has already dispatched several native regiments to Assam, and doubtless the insurgents will very soon receive severe punishment for their treachery. Reports from Calcutta received as we are going to press indicate that the revolt against British rule has spread to some extent in the Punjab, and that fighting has been going on in Rangoon.

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Bishop Leonard, who was charged with the duty of conveying the verdict of the Ecclesiastical Court to Mr. MacQueary, took the liberty of entirely changing its character, and of imposing a sentence quite different from that called for by the verdict of the Court. That verdict was that Mr. MacQueary should be suspended from official services for six months, and if during this time he should promise not to teach or publish his special opinions on the virgin birth and physical resurrection of our Lord, in the future, in the Diocese of Northern Ohio (where alone this Court has jurisdiction) he should be restored to his functions as a clergyman. The sentence imposed by the Bishop required him to retract his opinions, which certainly he could not honorably do under such compulsion. Bishop Leonard has now wisely acknowledged, practically, the justice of the criticisms to which he has been subjected, has withdrawn his sentence, and substituted therefor the one involved in the verdict of the Ecclesiastical Court of Northern Ohio. It would be quite legitimate for Mr. MacQueary to accept this verdict and pledge himself not to preach or publish his peculiar views, unless he thinks those views are in some way vital to the well-being of his fellow-men; while it clearly would not be legitimate for him to retract them if they still remain his opinions. We must be permitted to express our surprise that Episcopal clergymen and one Episcopal organ have so vigorously criticised the action of the minority of the Court in this trial—the "Ohio Church Life," the diocesan Episcopal periodical, going so far as to charge that the minority "have made a most grievous mistake by thus lending encouragement to assaults upon the Church's faith," and are responsible "for the widespread belief that a vast number of their fellow-clergymen are false to the faith, and for much of the gush and nonsense concerning this matter with which the secular press is filled." If the judges of an ecclesiastical court are to be thus chastised for their judicial decision, there is an end to what little hope of judicial fairness in ecclesiastical trials still remains in the hearts of the sanguine. If public opinion as expressed by the newspapers is to be the court of final appeal, it will be better to dispense with all other courts, and, as in less highly organized Churches, let those accused of heresy remain in their pulpits until forced out by the public opinion of their denomination. We must take this occasion to dissent *in toto* from the reported expression of Mr. Savage, of Boston, that not one in ten of the clergy of the Episcopal Church believes in the Apostles' Creed in its entirety. It is very probable that not one in ten believes in the construction of that creed which Mr. Savage might choose to put upon its clauses; but we venture to believe that there are very few clergy in any of the evangelical churches who do not believe in that creed in its entirety, as it is generally understood by those who repeat it in our worshiping congregations in our time.

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Apropos of the reported remonstrance against the invitation of non-episcopally ordained men into Episcopal pulpits, we note several items of interest. First, and most important, that "The Churchman," which is unquestionably more nearly the organ for the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States than any other Episcopal paper, takes substantially the view expressed by The Christian Union last week. It declares that, since the Oxford movement, lay preaching has been increasing in the Church, and that since the first Lambeth Conference, in 1867, lay preaching has been widely practiced in the American Church, and "in one form or another it has been done in nearly every parish in the land." While claiming that there is room for fair and honest difference of opinion as to the construction of the canon, it also declares that, under any rules of construction which would warrant a conviction of disobedience to any existing canon for permitting lay preaching in the Church, "there is hardly a bishop or pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church who cannot be easily convicted of innumerable infractions of that or some other part of the canon law." We hardly need to add that, from our point of view, which is not that of an Episcopalian, "The Churchman" is entirely right in adding that all preaching in an Episcopal church by one not episcopally ordained is lay preaching, and that from the point of view of the Episcopal canon Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Briggs, and Dr. Washington Gladden, in their religious addresses in Dr. Rainsford's church, were laymen, not ordained clergymen.

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The two other items worthy of note in this connection are, first, the statement of "The Commercial Advertiser" that "when the English soldiers in the time of the Revolution defaced and dismantled the Old Brick Church, the vestry of St. George's [which is the very church of which Dr. Rainsford is now rector] invited the congregation to hold its services in that edifice, and this was done for many months." The other fact is that last Sunday General Armstrong and the Rev. C. D. Frissell spoke on behalf of Hampton Normal Institute, in the afternoon at St. Bartholomew's Church, in the evening at St. George's. We should like to have the remonstrants, or some one on their behalf, inform our readers through our columns whether they "officiated," within the meaning of the canon. If not, where is the line to be drawn between a missionary, an educational, and a gospel address? In our judgment, it can only be drawn where Dr. Rainsford himself draws it: to perform priestly functions by conducting the regular service of the Church is a violation of the canon; to give an address, whether religious or educational, whether with a text or without it, is not a violation of the canon, certainly not if given at an extraordinary or mission service.

* * *

A great deal of the attack upon the New Criticism is of a kind which has only strengthened the positions assailed. In the Protestant Churches, where independence of judgment is cultivated almost to excess, dogmatic assertions carry little weight, and when ignorance and prejudice bombard scholarship the laymen are inclined by the very vehemence of the attack to take sides with the assaulted party. We are very glad, therefore, that Professor William Henry Green, of Princeton, has come to the defense of the old-time view of the composition of Genesis, bringing to that defense a thorough scholarship and an unquestionable candor. For his view we are dependent on an abbreviated report in the Boston "Herald" of an address on the unity of authorship of the early chapters of Genesis, given last week in Boston. As reported, he holds that Chapter Second of Genesis is not a second account of the creation, but the story taken up where the first section left it, in order to carry on the narrative to the account of the Fall in Chapter Third. He regards it as a kind of sequel to the first chapter, and an introduction to the third, being a necessary explanation of the organization of man, the locality of the Fall, the scene of the temptation, and the actors in the drama. It is of inestimable advantage thus to have the issue joined between the old and the new view, and argued out in a reasonable manner. The fundamental principle of what is called the Higher Criticism is this, namely, that the Bible is literature, and the questions of its authorship and the methods of its interpretation are to be determined by those principles which are applicable to any other ancient literature, and this principle is taken for granted by the advocates both of the old and the new view. We again remind our readers, who are disturbed by these discussions, that the great spiritual truths involved in the first chapter of Genesis, of the nature of God and of man, and of the kinship between the two, and of the separation between the two by sin, remain unchanged whether the old or the new view of authorship and interpretation be adopted.

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The readers of The Christian Union know something of Warden A. A. Brush, of Sing Sing Prison, for he has won a National reputation in prison administration, and is one of the acknowledged authorities in penology. We have no words in which to express our indignation that he has been removed, as briefly stated last week, for purely political reasons, in order to put in his place a man who, whatever his natural ability, is wholly without experience in prison administration. Such a wrong as this is not merely an act of personal injustice; it is a public iniquity; it is a blow at good government; it makes efficient, capable prison administration impossible; it sets back all reform in penology; it is a notice to every prison administrator in the State that his permanence of tenure depends, not upon the excellence of his administration, but upon his political skill and influence.

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GENERAL NEWS.—The election in North Sligo, Ireland, resulted in the defeat of the Parnellite candidate by the decisive majority of about eight hundred; this is Parnell's second important defeat, and should be conclusive.——Earl Granville, the leader of the English Liberals in the House of Lords, died on April 1, at the age of seventy-five; he will be succeeded, it is understood, as leader of the Liberals by Lord Rosebery.——General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has been seriously ill, but is now slightly better; Mr. Tyndall, the scientist, is slowly recovering from a severe illness.——Secretary of the Navy Tracy is to urge Congress to make appropriations for several new war ships.

——In Chili, the insurgent Liberals seem to be in the ascendant; it is reported that President Balmaceda is on the point of resigning.——We regret to say that the Excise Commissioners of this city, who were indicted at the instance of the City Reform Club for flagrant abuse of office, have been acquitted on account of a technical flaw in the indictment.

THE ITALIAN COMPLICATION.

THE action of the mob at New Orleans has become a matter of National concern. On Wednesday of last week the attention of the whole country was arrested by the announcement that Baron Fava, the Italian Minister at Washington, had been recalled, and the legation at Washington left without a head. Surmises as to the possible causes which led to this action on the part of the Italian Government were speedily set at rest by the publication of the formal correspondence between Baron Fava and Secretary Blaine. In a letter dated the 31st of March, Baron Fava called the attention of the Secretary of State to the fact that in two previous notes he had laid before the Secretary the gravity of the recent occurrence at New Orleans, by which four subjects of the King of Italy, confined in a prison in that city, were massacred by a mob. After having protested against the action of the local authorities, the Minister declared that he reserved to the Italian Government the right to demand such satisfaction as it might think proper, the occurrence in question constituting a violation of the treaty stipulations between Italy and the United States securing to the Italian subjects resident in this country the same protection which is enjoyed by American citizens. Subsequently, in personal interviews, Baron Fava conveyed to the Secretary of State the reparation demanded by the Italian Government, involving (1) the official assurance by the Federal Government that the guilty parties should be brought to justice, and (2) the recognition in principle that an indemnity is due to the relatives of the victims. The Italian Minister added that the Secretary had declared to him that the Federal Government declined to take into consideration these demands, and that, under these circumstances, the Italian Government had ordered its Minister to leave Washington.

To this communication Mr. Blaine replied on April 1, expressing the sincere regret of the Government at the reception of the news of Baron Fava's departure, and at the same time expressing also the inability of the Government to perceive adequate reasons for such a step. In answer to the first demand made upon the United States Government by Baron Fava, Mr. Blaine says that he had endeavored to impress upon the Italian Minister, in personal interviews, the inability of the Government of the United States to give an official assurance that the guilty parties would be brought to justice. Even if the National Government had entire jurisdiction over the alleged murderers, it could not give assurance to any foreign power that they should be punished. The Constitution of the United States provides that "in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed." Before a trial by jury, therefore, no such assurance as that demanded by Italy could be given by the President to any foreign power. The Constitution of the State of Louisiana contains substantially the same provision, so that the Government of that State would be unable to give a pledge in advance of a trial, under State law, that the alleged murderers would be punished. With regard to the second demand of the Italian Government, the Secretary of State declares that Baron Fava is under a grave error when he says that the United States Government declined to take this demand into consideration. "The United States, so far from refusing, has distinctly recognized the principle of indemnity to those Italian subjects who may have been wronged by a violation of the rights secured to them under the treaty with the United States, of February 26, 1871." The Secretary adds that he has repeatedly given to Baron Fava the assurance that, under the direction of the President, all the incidents connected with the unhappy tragedy at New Orleans shall be most thoroughly investigated; but that, in a matter of such gravity, the Government will not permit itself to be unduly hurried, nor will it make answer to any demand until every fact essential to a correct judgment shall have been fully ascertained through legal authority. "The impatience of the aggrieved may be natural, but its indulgence does not always secure the most substantial justice." Mr. Blaine's reply to Baron Fava's note was followed by a material modification of the Italian demand, which now asks for a prompt institution of regular judicial proceedings, and disclaims any intention of claiming punishment for the offenders in advance of a trial under due form of law.

Mr. Blaine's reply to Baron Fava's official demand is clear, comprehensive, and unquestionably sound. The Italian subjects who fell by the hands of the mob in New Orleans stand in the same position that they would have occupied if they had been American citizens; they were living in New Orleans under the protection of a treaty concluded between Italy and this country in 1871, which secures for Italian citizens in the United States "the same rights, privileges, favors, immunities, and exemptions for their commerce and navigation as the natives of the country wherein they reside." The same treaty provides "that the citizens of each of the high contracting parties shall receive, in the states and territories of the other, the most constant protection and security for their persons and property, and shall enjoy, in this respect, the same rights and privileges as are or shall be granted to the natives, on their submitting themselves to the conditions imposed on the natives." If the Italian citizens who were killed at New Orleans had been American citizens, the only action that could have been taken would have been the procuring of indictments presented to the Grand Jury by the District Attorney against such rioters as could be identified, and, in the event of the finding of bills by the Grand Jury, these rioters could have been brought to trial before a petty jury. Beyond this neither the Government of the State of Louisiana nor the Government of the United States could have gone. So far as the question of indemnity is concerned, it is probable that the relatives of the victims might bring civil actions for damages against the county in which the crime is perpetrated, and against individuals concerned in it; in other words, the pecuniary liability is fastened upon the county and the individual rioters. The United States Government is as powerless in the premises as the King of Italy; it has no jurisdiction over such offenses in the several States. Congress may, in its discretion, vote pecuniary compensation to the relatives of the victims; but the Secretary of State could hardly promise this in advance of Congressional action. The action of the Italian Ministry is generally regarded in Europe as precipitate; that it was a blunder is already evident. It is suspected that there are influences behind the scenes which have had much to do with this somewhat sensational chapter in Italian diplomacy, and it is not impossible that Premier Rudini has been playing to the galleries, as the phrase goes—in other words, that he has been indulging in a little bluster for the sake of placating public feeling in Italy, and of making a little political capital. It appears that but two of the men who suffered at New Orleans were Italian citizens, and that both of these men were criminals, one of them being a murderer who had fled from Italy. The importance of the incident was greatly exaggerated by the newspapers, the Italian Ministry evidently intending from the first nothing more than a little show of temper and positiveness. One result of the flurry has been to direct the attention of the country to what seems to be a defect in our system. The Government makes treaties with foreign powers, and, by the terms of these treaties, makes itself responsible for the protection of foreign subjects within our territory; but the Government has no real power of enforcing these treaties in the different States; it promises protection to Italian subjects temporarily sojourning here, but it is entirely powerless to institute any proceedings or take any action in case the terms of that treaty are violated by a mob in any State. It is an open question whether it would not be wise to remedy this state of affairs by making it possible for the Government to appear as prosecutor in any section of the country where the rights of foreigners are infringed. The crime of the ringleaders in New Orleans was not only against State law, but against a treaty which is part of the highest law of the country. There seems to be no good reason why the Government should not be able to prosecute in the local courts, or, for that matter, why it could not take such offenses before the United States courts.

PROVINCIALISM IN THEOLOGY.

WE have received a letter from a correspondent, replying to a response in our columns made to a previous correspondent, respecting the Bible. As we have elsewhere explained, our critic misapprehends our meaning. We must, however, take this occasion to say frankly that we dissent *in toto* from the dilemma presented by the previous correspondent, Mr. Anthony: "Either the Bible is God's word or it is not; if it is, we must accept it as literal and entire truth." A word is that which is the most ordinary means of communicating the experience of an invisible soul to another invisible soul. When we say we believe the Bible is God's word, we mean that we believe that it is a method which he has taken to communicate his own experiences to his children. The value of the Bible does not consist in its being infallible and inerrant. It consists in its power to awaken in the minds of its readers a divine life, by bringing them into contact with a living God, and this is much more effectively done when we regard the Bible as the record of the experiences of imperfect men, knowing in part and prophesying in part, men of like passions as we ourselves are, men who saw the truth in a glass, darkly, men who are better able to communicate the divine life to us because they were subject to our own imperfections, than if we regard it (as the sacred writers never regarded it) as a piece of mechanical dictation. In brief, the universal Church regards the Bible as God's word, not as made up of God's words; and between these two opinions there is a very wide difference.

This difference illustrates the difference between the provincial and the catholic or ecumenical in theology, which our previous reference evidently did not make clear.

There are certain great faiths held in common by the Christian Church of all creeds and epochs, Protestant, Catholic, Liberal, and Conservative. They are such as these: That there is a personal God—that is, a Divine Being, who thinks, feels, and wills, who is the creator and ruler of all things; that man is of kin to God, is more than a machine, more than an animal; that there is in the world a Church of God to which all should belong who love God and seek to obey his commandments; that God has spoken to men, giving them some knowledge of himself and of his will, through sacred prophets, whose experiences were inspired by him; that he has made a clearer manifestation of himself

in the life of Jesus Christ, in whom and through whom the infinite and invisible Father is brought into acquaintance with his children; that in the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ the burden of sin has been lifted off from humanity and the inspiration of a new hope afforded; and that this Jesus Christ has risen from the dead, affording at once an illustration and an evidence of life beyond the grave; and that in that future life there will be such an adjustment of rewards and punishments as will fill out the fragmentary nature of this earthly life, and make life, as a whole, one of manifest justice and mercy.

But there are also philosophies and views which have been more or less prevalent at different epochs, and have been maintained more or less vigorously by different and oftentimes antagonistic schools. The views peculiar to special epochs and special schools we call "provincial." We do not affirm them all to be false, but we do affirm that any one or all of them may be rejected and yet essential Christianity maintained. These provincialisms in theology are such as these: That God created the world at a particular time, or in a specially defined manner; that to belong to the Church some particular method of induction into it is necessary, and that only those who have been thus inducted into it are truly members of the Church, and only this special body constitutes the receptacle of the divine grace and spirit; that the sacred prophets had all truth revealed to them, and were infallible and inerrant on all topics on which they spoke; that they wrote as amanuenses at the dictation of God, so that their words are the very words of God; that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, stands in certain relations to the Father, accurately defined in theological terminology, and that in him the human and the divine nature intermingled in a fashion which theology can also accurately define, and the definition of which is supposed to be an integral part of Christianity; that his sufferings and death deliver the world from sin by some particular method, as by appeasing the divine wrath, or satisfying the divine law, or producing a moral influence on the human race leading it to repentance; that Christ rose from the dead with the same physical body that was laid away in the grave, or that he did not rise with the same physical body which was laid away in the grave, but with a spiritual body, possessing qualities peculiar to itself and mysterious to us; that death is equivalent to final judgment, and that the soul enters at once upon a final state of reward or punishment, or that this is not the case, and there is an intermediate state during which Christ's redemptive work is still carried on, or that neither is the case, and this intermediate state is one of long and dreary sleep.

Now, we call these statements provincialisms in theology. We do not mean thereby to stigmatize them; we only mean to indicate that they are no part of the essential Christian system. One may reject any one of these various provincialisms in theology, and be as tenacious in holding all that the Church universally regards as Christianity as his neighbor who is sound in faith according to provincial standards. The whole of Christianity has been summed up by Christlieb in the two words "sin" and "salvation." To be a Christian thinker is to think that the world is sinful, not merely diseased or unfortunate, and that it is in the process of being saved by the forth-putting power of God, not merely by a self-education. To be a Christian in life is to have that experience which leads one with Paul to cry out, "Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—that is, the experience of sin; and "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"—that is, the experience of salvation.

We desire to be on record as constantly and continously protesting against any and every effort to erect the provincial in theology into a standard of orthodoxy and to determine the soundness of any opinion or tenet by its agreement with such provincial standards.

THE RECURRING CONFLICT.

PATHOS, comedy, tragedy, have alike found much of their richest material in the continual and recurring conflict between men's ideals and ambitions, and the petty multitude of distracting demands of daily existence and business. The moralist has found his texts, the cynic his sneers, in this conflict. But knowledge of the conflict has not been confined to the satirist, the preacher, and the artist. It is constantly in the human experience of all of us, and is perhaps the most discouraging and depressing of all the problems we have to face. Often any solution seems hopeless. We choose the ideal; we live confident and buoyant in the bracing atmosphere of high hopes and endeavors; and on a sudden we find that we have got far away from the ground upon which we must live; that, in our remoteness from our daily needs and relationships, our ideals have grown empty and hypocritical, and that the most obvious and pressing duties have been wholly neglected. Or we let our high purposes, our aspirations, go; we give ourselves up to the daily routine. Our life becomes hardened into conventionalities, unsympathetic and unresponsive to the touch of wide human claims, cramped with narrowness. Then, too often, we simply fall into meaningless oscillation between the poles of an emotional indulgence in vague ideals and strivings and of practical conformity to the meannesses of actual details. No experience is so embittering, so fraught with conviction of the worthlessness and failure of life, as is this one. Other failures point out the path of life, other sorrows bring their recompense in a wider and less individualized experience; this failure goes to the root of life, and eats away its inner fiber. The conflict itself is the failure, no matter how it ends.

Is the conflict so inevitable and so hopeless? There are, of course, the exceptional few with ample opportunities, rich surroundings, and generous dower of native gifts, to whom the adjustment of purpose and ideal to daily circumstance and condition is an easy and natural matter; but must not the mass of mankind continue the fruitless vibration between an unrealized hope and an unlovely actuality? Perhaps the solution is simpler than we deem. The reconciliation of the high ideal of life and the petty demands of the day is to be found in making these varied and minute exactions themselves the ideal. Nor is this a mere form of words. We are apt to conceive of an ideal as something merely lofty and general and remote, whose very virtue resides in its being unattainable. Such ideals must forever stand in opposition to the present and immediate life, and the outcome of such a conception is necessarily pessimism. But a true ideal is detailed, concrete, and practical. Let one treat his daily business and occupations, not as hard exactions forced upon him from without, but as opportunities for the display of his best powers, and occasions for the realization of his deepest purposes, and the aimless conflict is at an end. The ideal is no longer the fruit of an abstract idealizing which has no reference to the real state of things, and which must, therefore, necessitate a more helpless and despairing return to actual duties, but is the thoughtful and earnest contemplation of these same actual duties; the purpose to get out of them their whole meaning. In an ideal which is simply the actual conditions and demands of life taken reflectively and faithfully, in a daily conduct of the details of life which is the ideal, there is safety from a vague and barren idealizing, and equal safety from a hard and sordid conformity to mean routine. No one has ever lived his life in such a spirit who has not found that surroundings which seemed narrow widened themselves with the growth of insight and of loyalty up to the amplest marge of the most generous endeavor. There is nothing common nor unclean, and in the pettiest fact of life the whole secret and reward of life is hidden—hidden to be revealed to him who is strong and faithful enough to believe that God has given of himself to every circumstance of life. When one has learned this lesson, he sees that those ideals of his own imagining which once he thought so grand and infinite are inexpressibly small and unreal, and that in the pettiest-appearing detail among God's realities there is a richer and more gracious ideal than his dreams had ever compassed.

We reviewed last week in The Christian Union the "Crystal Button," a story which had been edited and prepared for the press by a well-known contributor to The Christian Union, Mr. George W. W. Houghton. Mr. Houghton died on Thursday, at his home in Yonkers, Tuesday evening, April 1. Born in Cambridge, Mass., forty-one years ago, Mr. Houghton showed decided literary and journalistic leanings early in life. For more than twenty years he has been editor of "The Hub" of this city, the well-known journal devoted to carriage-making interests. He was connected with "The Hub" from the publication of its first number, and has given it a literary and journalistic quality seldom found in technical publications. He was one of the best-known men in the country to carriage manufacturers, having made himself an authority in the history, statistics, and science of the trade. He was one of the organizers of "Sons of the Revolution," a member of the New York Historical Society, and a member of the "Authors' Club." About ten years ago he published, through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a long poem, entitled "The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk," to the beauty of which The Christian Union called special attention at the time. A striking poem, "Sagonaquado," based on an old Indian legend, from his pen appeared in The Christian Union of October 4, 1888. His latest contribution to these columns were two articles on modern Athens, which were printed last autumn. He was a man of unusually popular and lovable qualities, and leaves a large group of friends, among whom are numbered the staff of The Christian Union, to affectionately cherish his memory. In a little book of his verses, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., called "Niagara and Other Poems," these words appear, and are recalled now with peculiar comfort:

THE END.

Beyond each hill-top others rise,
Like ladder-rungs, toward loftier skies:
Each halt is but a breathing space
For stirrup-cup and fresher pace;
Till who dare say, ere night descend,
There can be, ever, such thing as End

The name of Mr. H. C. Shelley, who wrote the interesting article on "Thomas Carlyle and Thomas Cooper," lately published in The Christian Union, was there incorrectly given as the *Rev.* H. C. Shelley. Mr. Shelley has been the Glasgow correspondent of the London "Christian World," and is about to start a new journal of Scottish religious life, to be called "The Modern Church," so that our mistake was, after all, not an unnatural one.

SIGNIFICANT FIGURES.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

In order that the churches may know what they have been doing through the American Board, and, consequently, what they need to do, it is necessary for them to understand the amount and character of their contributions with exactness. At the recent meeting in Boston, Dr. Alden, Home Secretary of the Board, showed that the "regular donations to the treasury" during the five years ending with September 1, 1890, had increased over those of the preceding five years nearly $88,000, or over $17,500 annually. This is one aspect of the case, and would be more reassuring were it not for the fact that the percentage of increased donations in the case of the other prominent missionary societies is considerably larger.

But this matter has still further light thrown upon it when the "regular donations" are considered a little more closely. In order to reach the result which he presented, the Home Secretary puts the donations to the Woman's Board and the regular contributions of

the churches to the A. B. C. F. M. together. The fact is that, although the Woman's Board gained $134,886.15 during the later five-year period, the ordinary, long-standing, regular contributions of the churches to the American Board fell off $49,108.23 in the same period. There ought to be no attempt to waive aside the significance of this fact; and the figures in question cannot be fairly appreciated when the donations coming in through the two different channels are not seen separately.

The local bearing of the fact that the contributions of Boston and vicinity were almost one-half less in 1890 than in 1873 cannot be fully seen without remembering that these contributions, instead of being nearly fifty per cent. less, ought at least to have held their own; and not only so, but, in the case of Boston at least, should have increased considerably. For the church membership of twenty-one Congregational churches in Boston has increased until, in 1890, it was very nearly thirty-three *per cent.* greater than it was in 1873—no account being taken here of the five churches added since 1873. If the contributions of these twenty-one churches had held their own proportionally, they would have been about one-third larger in 1890 than in 1873. Instead of this, they were only about one-half as large. That is to say, they lack five-sixths of holding their own; or, in other words, are only one-sixth of what they would be if they had held their own.

BOSTON, Mass.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

In your editorial commendation of the legislation for the benefit of the insane, in this week's paper, you have by mistake inserted my name in place of that of Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, the founder of the State Charities Aid Association, to whose efforts mainly the passage of the measure is due.

Will you be so kind as to publish this correction in your next issue? Truly yours,

JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL.

THE SPECTATOR.

A RIVER VIEW.

Where the long reach of gravel and stranded rocks stay their shoreward progress, the ceaseless breaking of the wind-tossed waves is fitting music, while it is yet winter. Such sound was truly out of tune and harsh, for nature everywhere was rugged, and, by the river shore, the plash of troubled water its only proper spokesman. It has not been long since the stream was ice-bound; when not the narrowest line of bright blue water glinted in the fitful sunlight of a half-cloudy day. The river then seemed dreaming of by-gone centuries, when the plaything of a glacier; but to-day all was glitter, or black as forbidding night, save where the short-lived waves with downy crests stood a brief moment in the golden sunshine—waves of marvelous beauty that brightened the bleak world about them, albeit dying at their birth.

* * *

It is never well to be influenced by such a thought as that the world was made for man—an idea that forges to the front when nature appears to seek you out and, thrusting aside the doors of her cabinet, gives generous opportunity to view her gems. Here, where the sloping bank shut out the chill west wind, and a smooth niche in a convenient bowlder proved fitted to my reclining person, the suggestion naturally welled to the surface that something beyond mere chance added the noble outlook. But glacial floods and time's succeeding touch considered only their own whims, and it is well to rest content with the bare fact: it so happened we rambled this far, and, resting, voted time and place a full realization of a lazy man's outing. Let the field and forest behind us entertain those who remained at home; the river alone concerns us.

* * *

It is not a forced expression to say that the wind plays with the water. How else adequately describe the changeful surface? A mile away, this is as a mirror breathed upon; while nearer, the rippled flow is dark, a broken band of polished purple steel, or glittering and bright as shimmering silver. Nowhere is there fixity of light and shade. Not an instant but there is change of place: the blue-black waters now here, now there; the rippled silver gone ere you can trace it. Let the wind play what pranks it may, the ever-shifting scene is not perplexing; there is enough deliberation to give us chance to follow; and then there is that delightful uncertainty which twits us, and we fall to guessing what the next freak will be.

* * *

It is reasonable to ask if water-birds realize these constant variations of light-effects upon the surface of a broad stream. They are comparatively safe at such a time, as one wary wild duck proved to be to-day. It was a brightly plumaged bird, with a great preponderance of white, set off with black upon the wings, neck, head, and shoulders; a trim bird, at home alike in the air or on the water; one that has no dread of distance; here to-day, in a foreign land to-morrow.

Although gracefully floating near by, this pretty duck often seemed quite in mid-stream, and constantly disappeared, yet without diving. Now flashing into view upon the black water, now standing out in ebon contrast to the white, silvery glitter of a wide waste of water, it never quite took proper shape, but ever left us with a lingering doubt as to its identity. Had not happy chance rewarded our patience, it would still be a matter of uncertainty; but no, it was truly a wild duck, and not a fancy. But the point lies here: Might there not have been at least a companion, if, indeed, not many? Because space only confronts you, count not the landscape empty. Unseen activities are real. A counter-blast, it may be, checked the breeze, and the stilled water gave up its secret. Such a chance—one in ten thousand—clothed in flesh a trembling speck on the troubled waters; be not oversure you are alone, even though the coast is very clear. Later, the puff! puff! of a steamboat was heard, and as the unsightly craft rounded a wooded point, my lone duck was alive to man's proximity at once, and how it had multiplied! A hundred, and not one, rose in the clear air, moved by a common impulse, and, fringing the low line of snowy clouds that marked the horizon, sped northward. Think of it! here in the valley of the Delaware to-day; to-morrow, finding shelter in the rock-bound coves of the New England coast, and at home everywhere.

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Were the clouds envious? Rolling in huge masses from the grim, gray east, they filled and chilled the valley at a stroke. How quickly the river responded! There was left but the stern reality of flowing water. If, before, the waves laughed and were boisterous when they kissed the shore, they sobbed now. Inanimate, of course, but happily we need not hold it so; and cannot, indeed, when a mere cloud so changely checks its merriment. This same river, that laughed and frowned at storm and tempest before man's creation, now seemed cowardly to slink away, as though rebuked and ashamed. The final change from life to death was typified.

* * *

However it may be with the more philosophical rambler, the lazy man, when on his outing, has no desire to encounter gloom. The restful couch, that the chance bowlder has proved for so long, began to grow irksome; the sloping bank sank to the level of the fields; the chill west wind came on apace; there was no longer a sprightly river view, but a mere view of a languid river. Less and less the niched bowlder is a bed of down, and as we shift our aching bones, hoping against hope that the waters will again grow glad, a mist slowly arises to meet the overhanging cloud. At first in curling lines, as though the Indian's camp-fires were not yet quenched; and then with a filmy shroud enwrapping river, valley, and the distant hills beyond. Why tarry? There is no river view in the outlook now. The muffled murmur of the changing tide alone assures us that the earth itself has not passed away and left us perched upon a rock in chaos. But is chaos worth acquaintance? That depends. It has never yet had firm hold here; why now? The day is not yet done, and there are to-morrows yet to be. If the river is shut out in spite, let us out-sit the imp that mocks us. Even now, while our thoughts are still with what has been, there is a rift in the clouds; the mist rolls slowly back from whence it came. A ripple of golden light ventures along the shore—a mighty flood of mellow sunshine fills the valley. There is not a wave but leaps to catch the life-giving glow, as though it would hold it henceforth forever. Why despair? That which has so long abided shall not fail us; the river was a living friend when we came in the morning, and now in the evening greets us as heartily. Well may it glow with all its old-time ardor, for the light of every trembling star above it is gathered to its bosom.

So ended our outing by the river. I say "our," for I had a companion, as I supposed; but for hours he has been quite forgotten, and long ago he left me.

THE "ANTIGONE" AT NEW HAVEN.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

THE difficulties which lie in the way of a worthy reproduction of a Greek play on any modern stage can be understood only by those who know how far apart in thought, art, and action are the classical and the romantic dramas. One must empty his mind of most modern ideas before he can put himself in the mood of Æschylus or Sophocles. And yet how universal is the language of great art, and how readily it touches the imagination and brings us to its own point of view! Sophocles is one of the supreme literary artists of the world; the poet in whom the Greek genius found its purest expression. More than two thousand years have passed since any work of his was performed on the stage for which it was written; the language to which it was committed is a dead speech; the ideas of life which it illustrates have suffered a modification so radical that they have practically ceased to exist; the form of the work, its illustration in action, and the qualities upon which it depends for immediate popular interest belong, not only to a remote past, but to a different literary spirit, and a literary method which is no longer practiced. And yet at New Haven the "Antigone" was profoundly interesting and moving. The audience, curious at first to see a performance of something rare and remote, was gradually brought more and more under the spell of a great work, until on all minds there rested the weight of this mighty chapter from the book of fate.

No finer tribute could have been paid to the performance at New Haven than the definiteness and depth of this impression; for, supremely noble as Sophocles's recital of the tragic story of Antigone must always be, its impressiveness to an audience must depend largely upon the skill and intelligence of those who represent and interpret it. There were defects in the rendering of some parts and of some passages on the stage of the Hyperion, but these were forgotten in the general excellence of the representation as a whole; they were inevitable in any assumption of male parts by women. That which gave the performance its dignity and impressiveness was the complete subordination of the actors to the general movement of the tragedy and their entire absorption in it. The stage seemed to be entirely oblivious of the auditorium; entirely filled by the presence, visible and invisible, of the awful vision of fate. The seriousness, simplicity, and dignity of the action as a whole were quite beyond praise. It is true there were at times evidences of strain, expressions of intensity, abruptness of movement not entirely of a piece with the play, but it is impossible to confine the romantic, introspective modern spirit entirely within the limits of classical expression; it would certainly be asking too much of any American woman with swift intelligence, keen emotion, and nervous temperament to reproduce completely the repose of the Greek temper. The ladies who undertook the leading parts on Friday evening showed, one and all, long and intelligent study of the play and a thoroughly artistic conception of it. They entered into its thought, they emphasized its deepening gravity, they marked its successive stages, with the finest perception of the unfolding of the story. Trained actors might have done better with incidents and passages, but no body of trained actors could have surpassed these amateurs in the largeness and adequacy of their conception of the tragedy and the dignity and beauty with which they filled the stage. There was no hint of commercialism in the performance; it was a labor of love for art's sake.

No one who saw the stage during the action will ever forget it. The semicircle of marble seats with the fair Greek maidens, the thymele with its burning libation and its wreaths of flowers surrounded by the chorus of Theban elders, the palace front from whose gates Creon comes at times and along whose narrow front Antigone and Ismene, Hæmon and Eurydice, the messenger, the guard, and Teiresias move, the glimpse of Thebes in the distance—all these form as beautiful a picture as was ever seen on any stage. It would be difficult to overpraise the bearing and singing of the chorus. The choral invocation to Bacchus, which follows the announcement of Creon's change of purpose, was as

perfect as beautiful faces, delicate flowing garments, melodious voices, scattered flowers, and graceful, expressive movement could make it. It was a glimpse of the lost beauty of antique life. The chorus, a double one, surrounded the action on the stage with the atmosphere of old Theban life, and by its absorption in the drama and its sensitive registry of every change of emotion made its obscure function not only intelligible but in a high degree consistent and interpretative. It would be invidious to discriminate among actors on an occasion when all showed such conscientious and intelligent study of the parts. Creon was portrayed with a power and deep seriousness which removed it at once from all theatrical devices and moods; it was a high-minded portrayal of a strong nature, and it disclosed at all points the completeness of intellectual and moral preparation behind it; Antigone was a striking figure of the noble type, and was rendered with a deep dramatic impressiveness; Ismene had all the shrinking, girlish timidity, followed by the unselfish identification with the fate of the stronger sister; Hæmon had a fine boyish impulsiveness and freshness; Teiresias, the blind seer, was nobly represented, and was perhaps more consistently Greek than any other; Eurydice, the queen, had only a few words, but the part was marvelously well taken; the guard and messenger were well sustained.

The performance was something more than an entertainment; it was a worthy reproduction of a great work of art. To those who were engaged in it, it could not fail to be a genuine education; nor was it less instructive to those who saw it. Such an undertaking deserves the success which crowned that at New Haven: the deepening interest of a great and intelligent audience under the power of a noble work nobly interpreted. H. W. M.

MUNICIPAL CONTROL OF STREET RAILWAYS.

By Robert J. Finley.

IN theory, street railway corporations occupy our streets subject to the rule and regulation of the municipalities within whose limits they operate. In practice, they own our streets and to a great extent govern our municipalities. The power of control over their own streets, vested in municipalities by State constitutions, has, upon application, been handed over by these public corporations to street railways with hardly so much as a shadow of reservation. New York, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, for instance, have reserved practically no right of control over their street railways. A number of cities, such as Baltimore and New Orleans, have retained the right of purchasing the tracks, cars, etc., of their private car lines at the expiration of specified periods of years, and a few cities, as Philadelphia, have granted charters of unlimited duration with retained power of purchase at any time. But powers reserved merely over the corporate existence of street railways are, as every one acquainted with the ways of municipal government in this country knows, of little real advantage to cities. This is true especially when charters are granted for a long period of years. It is of little present advantage to the city of Chicago that the charters of certain of its street-car lines terminate in seventy-three years; or to the city of San Francisco that the franchises of its lines end in the year 1933. Even short-term franchises do not secure to cities any considerable control over street railways; for wealthy companies, through the influence they are able to bring to bear in a political way, can secure a continuation of their charters on about any terms they demand. The charter of the City Passenger Railway of Baltimore expired in 1889, yet the privilege of purchasing this line, then open to the city according to the terms of the lease, proved of not the slightest effect as a means of control over the company. The City Council of Baltimore, in acknowledgment of services rendered, took no notice of the expiration of the lease. Although that city might have at least greatly increased its revenues by availing itself of the privilege which it had reserved to demand a higher return for the use of the streets, it passively allowed the company to continue under its old charter, as, in failure of any action on the part of the city, it was permitted to do by the original agreement.

In European countries the power of control reserved over street railways is much greater. The German method of dealing with this class of public works is that of leasing them to private companies for stated periods of time, at the expiration of which periods the bare plant comes into the possession of the city, the rolling stock, etc., to be purchased by it at a fair valuation. The charters of all street railways of Berlin, for example, expire in 1911, when the lines revert to the city. A similar policy obtains in Austria. Vienna reserves the right of either taking possession of the tracks of its private companies or of ordering their removal and the streets repaired for ordinary carriage use. In Amsterdam the use of the streets for local passenger traffic is granted to a private corporation for twenty-nine years, the city reserving the right at the termination of this period to purchase the property of the company, or, as in Vienna, of causing the lines to be removed and the streets restored to their former condition, at its option. Geneva, Switzerland, has given the use of its streets to a car company for fifty years, but demands, in return for this long-period grant, that the company turn over its road in thorough condition at the end of this time, without compensation. Street railways in Paris are subject to severe restriction of control, and in time will become the property of the city. While few cities on the Continent at the present time own and operate their own street railways, the policy there generally adopted, it is seen, makes toward future ownership of these works by municipalities. Latest statistics at hand show that twenty-seven tramways out of one hundred and fifty-five in the United Kingdom are in the hands of local authorities. The policy of control growing in favor among the local authorities of Great Britain is that of the municipality owning its own plant, and leasing the operation of it to private companies. This plan has been adopted by the city of Glasgow, Scotland, which now has, it is said, the best-managed street railways in the world.

Twelve municipalities of Australia—Melbourne and the smaller towns lying around—have united upon a policy of managing their street railways, the result of the working of which is of perhaps more importance to us in this country than the experiments of older European cities. By an act of 1883 these municipalities were given the option of constructing their own tramways or of granting the privilege of the streets to private companies. They decided to do for themselves. A trust composed of delegates from the several municipalities was formed, money borrowed on the security of municipal property, and the construction of an extensive system of tramways undertaken. The lines on completion were leased to a private company to operate for a period of thirty-two years, under the following conditions: That the company find all rolling stock, keep the tramways and adjoining road in complete repair, hand back the lines at the expiration of the lease, pay to the trust each year the interest on the money borrowed, and contribute annually a certain sum with which to form a sinking fund toward the ultimate extinction of the loan. It is too soon to give results, but it is not probable that the private company entered into the arrangement with their eyes shut. Over forty miles of line have thus far been opened to traffic. In twenty-five years Melbourne and the eleven smaller towns associated with it in this enterprise will come into possession of a complete tramway plant which, in reality, will not have cost them a penny. In addition to yielding up their plants, private companies in all of the European and Australian cities mentioned pay a yearly sum into their respective municipal treasuries—usually about five per cent. of their annual gross receipts. This is about the general rate derived by municipalities in this country from street railway corporations. In a few of our cities, however, as New York and New Orleans, where street railway franchises are sold at auction to the highest bidder, the rate secured greatly exceeds five per cent. of the gross receipts of companies occupying the streets. On the other hand, in many of our cities no revenue whatever is asked in return for valuable franchises granted to street-car companies.

It is clear, from this rapid survey of the field, that far less control has been reserved over the operation of street-car companies in the United States than in any other country where industry has reached a like degree of development. On the Continent, in the United Kingdom, and in the advanced parts of Australia the tendency is unmistakably toward municipal ownership of street railways. In the United States the practice is rather street railway ownership of municipalities. The endurance of the public will alone determine how much longer this practice shall obtain in this country.

THE WASTE OF RELIGIOUS FUNDS IN EXTENDING THE CHURCH.

By the Rev. Walter Barrows.

THERE are forty-six Protestant denominations in our land that have attained to the dignity of notice in our ecclesiastical census. So far as these have been based on doctrinal peculiarities, they have arisen from meddling with and adding to the simple divine constitution of the Church of God. Nor is this the extent of the evil of dividing the body of Christ into separate and rival factions in Christian lands. The evil is extended as far as the name of Christ is made known in the darker places of the earth. Japan has her twenty-six missionary organizations to make known the one way and truth and life; India has thirty-eight and China thirty-nine. All this is humiliating and painful, when we see the appointed stewards of Christ divided into rival, conflicting, and supplanting enterprises, as if they were worldly, mercenary agents for different and competing commercial houses.

The unneeded Christian edifices, ministers, and necessary expenses connected, would vastly exceed the most careful estimate, on any present data. It is obvious that another evangelical church is not necessary in a community where already enough evangelical sittings can be had by all who desire them. And this is what we mean by an unneeded evangelical church. Reasonable church distance is to be determined by neighborhood usage in other matters. A man can go as far for Christian worship as he can for family groceries. If a Christian is so sectarian that he cannot worship with another body of Christians, as sound and good as he, he needs, not another meeting-house, but more grace.

As to this extra tax on the treasury of Christ to sustain sectarian or "will worship," an approximate estimate may be made. We all know personally many churches that are social, financial, and religious impertinences. They were born in a hopeless imbecility and poverty, and live on charity. As religious enterprises they are failures, as business operations they are a reproach to business men, and as the exponents of religion, or agencies for Christ, they dishonor him.

We have in Massachusetts about 1 600 churches of the Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian denominations. All these preach the same truths of salvation. Many of these churches are five, ten, and fifteen minutes apart, and are one-half, one-third, and one fifth filled with regular worshipers. Now, a railroad will not run regularly empty cars; rival lines with empty cars would be consolidated, and the community would probably have better accommodations. Empty pews pay no better than empty cars, and consolidation would benefit all interested.

It would require a local and individual census to determine with tolerable accuracy what churches could be dispensed with on the principle of ample accommodation with the Gospel for all the people. However, it is not a rash opinion to say that about one out of every four of the churches in the five denominations above mentioned could be reasonably closed up. Afterwards the people in such regions would miss nothing of church privileges, but denominationalism only. All of the Gospel—the religion of Christ, and the means of salvation—would still be dispensed to all who wished to hear it as pew occupants. One laborious and studious city missionary assures me that one-fourth of the houses for evangelical worship in Boston could be spared without damaging the supply of the Gospel to all who can be induced to hear it. In Boston there are open every Sabbath 250 places for Protestant worship. One-fourth of these, or sixty-two, could be closed without damage to Protestant worship. The Roman Catholics, who manage their religious affairs in a *business* way, and are forty per cent. of the population, have thirty-four places of public worship—216 less than the Protestants, while a higher per cent. of the Catholic population attend church.

On the Christian and business principles now stated, about four hundred houses of evangelical public worship could be spared in Massachusetts. It is, therefore, a very poor business showing that these four hundred houses of public worship make in this State. How long would a business corporation keep them open? But should not the work of Christ be as well managed as a cotton factory or a railway? Should not every honest and honorable means be adopted to enhance the value of the stock

and the dividends? And if enough can be saved by economy or thorough business principles to start another church or mill or railroad where there is an opening, should it not be done?

As to the cost or money lost on these supernumerary churches: Some time since the Baptists reported officially the average annual cost of one of these churches as $1 000, and if correctly, the estimate will hold for the five denominations. But as the useless church is ordinarily of inferior grade and cost, we will venture to estimate these at $500 each, though doubtless much below the real cost. On this estimate the Congregational denomination in Massachusetts is annually wasting $72,000 on 144 churches. The other denominations are wasting in proportion, and the aggregate waste of them all in this State is $187,500 a year. But the money sacrificed is of little account compared with the sacrifice of Christian fellowship. Instead, there is the struggle who shall be greatest, the misrepresentations, manœuvers, and prayers for the success of Calvin or Wesley or Roger Williams, low chicanery and unworthy artfulness that force one to think of demagogues and campaign speeches and stuffed ballot-boxes.

Carry now these estimates of duplicate churches through the country, and we find, in the 100 000 churches of the five denominations, 25 000 of these supernumerary. Here is a waste of religious funds annually to the astounding aggregate of twelve and a half millions of dollars.

The duplicate meeting-house is very expensive, it will be seen. It is a fetich, very exacting in its sacrifices—a kind of god to which we make offerings. The policy of old Diagoras, the atheistic Athenian, is worthy of attention by us, if not adoption. When he discovered that the statue of Hercules was useless as well as expensive, as a mere denominational wood, he chopped it up to use in boiling his turnips. Now and then one of our duplicate and unhelping meeting-houses might be elevated to usefulness in a similar way.

The condition of our home field is very far from satisfactory, and increasingly so, and we cannot afford to run empty cars in rivalry. The American Home Missionary Society's report for 1889 speaks of "work impatiently waiting to be performed" in the Middle and Southern States, of "crying need and unprecedented opportunity in the Rocky Mountain regions and Northern Pacific States," and it says that "the development of the country has far outstripped the augmenting means." By recent correspondence with the District Secretary I learned that in sixteen of our thirty-two districts four hundred and eighty-four more missionaries were needed and could be at once employed on destitute fields, unoccupied by any other denomination, yet I had answers from only one-half the districts. We are slow to learn that we are making a new nation in our new land, with great rapidity; and trade, agriculture, and railroads seem to know much more about it than benevolent officials, secretaries, and Eastern churches.

The condition of evangelization in our new lands by the five evangelical denominations is far from satisfactory. Eastern managers do not seem to know when ten of our marvelous Western years have gone by. I cannot say what is needed. Perhaps managers' feet that will get off the pavements, eyes that will see further and new things, directors that will sell hundreds of weight of stereotype plates for old type-metal.

When New Mexico had been in the Union thirty-two years, I was in the Territory and found it had no Congregational church, though as large as fourteen States like Massachusetts. With an agent of the American Home Missionary Society we examined Albuquerque, and we prepared for the first church of our order in that Territory—none preceding us, I think, of any kind in Albuquerque. Soon after I secured the organization of our first church in Arizona. The population of these two Territories was then pagan and semi-Christian after it had been thirty-two years under the American flag. Not long since, I was in Wyoming over the Sabbath, and was invited to preach in a log cabin. I was the first clergyman ever seen in the region, 125 miles from the railroad, and it was their first public worship, and there was no church of any kind within 125 miles of that cabin.

How much we need the twelve and a half millions of wasted money to plant those 25,000 of unneeded churches where there is such painful want of them!

The not very creditable condition of the American Home Missionary Society is suggestive of *some* new policy. With so many neglected, unoccupied fields as I have suggested, there is due to date $20 000 for missionary salaries in arrears, and notes to the banks for $115.000 already gone to pay back salaries. One business way out of these financial embarrassments in our Home Missionary treasury is to stop *bluntly* the organization of unneeded churches. The Congregational denomination paid last year for those already formed and unneeded about $590,000. We paid in our Home Missionary work only $701,000.

I cite two illustrations of the working of this foolish evil of duplicate churches. I quote first from the Minutes of the New England Conference of Methodist churches for 1890: "The condition of many feeble charges among us is pitiable indeed. Thirty churches average less than $270 a year for pastoral support, rent excluded; fifty preachers receive $500 a year or less; forty-seven churches in our Conference have less than fifty members each, and sixty-five more have less than one hundred" (pp. 88, 89). And these are not old and depleted churches, like many Congregational ones, that generations and a wasting population have left in large areas. They are newly planted. Again, in the State of New York there are 876 Baptist churches, of which 469 have less than one hundred members each, and 218 have fifty or less. It is not surprising that 186 of these are without pastors.

Can anything be done to remedy this immense evil? It is not a cheerful undertaking, and does not promise at first much enthusiasm, but, rather, heroic sacrifice. But a remedy is possible. No one must say to American Christians that what ought to be done cannot be done. We are always doing the impossible.

Five adjectives that now cost the Church of Christ $2,000,000 and more apiece in the United States annually must be withdrawn from circulation, like protested paper or Confederate script. The traditions and practices of the modern Church must be discarded as unwarranted. We must add abundantly to the ecclesiastical *débris* which lies scattered along the track of the true Church for fifteen centuries. A foolish consistency, which Emerson calls "the hobgoblin of little minds," must be cast off. We must occupy the cemeteries attached to our theological schools by the interment of not only dead theologies, but dead ecclesiasticism.

For a thousand and a half of years we have been disregarding the divine constitution of the Church, and have treated the organization as a human club, with annexes, prefixes, and suffixes to suit the party and the times. Examinations for admission to the Church have been made on theology, philosophy, and ethics, more than on piety. This is the original sin. Hence sects, denominations, partisan churches, strife, wicked rivalry, unnecessary organizations, and these enormous and useless drafts on the one treasury of our common Lord.

What, then, are we to do? Return to the original and unalterable constitution of the Church of God. The basis of admission and membership therein is one and simple—*friendship for God.* So one shows this satisfactorily, he has a permit and a command from God to enter. This is the center and circumference of qualification for church membership. From the days of Abraham, the father of believers and the friend of God, it was so. In Apostolic times this friendship was proved by repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Every other requisition is a human amendment to the divine plan. In church growth synods and councils, decretals and creeds, furnish no precedent for us. At the first the Church of God was a plain, simple structure, for plain, godly men, but it has become a house of seven gables, and architects and builders are yet noisily about it, adding many more.

An unpopular remedy is the only one. Organize no church whose confession for admission will not admit any child of God. If God is making up a company, it ill becomes us, who are only guests, to qualify the cards of invitation, or go into "doubtful disputations" over the fitness of one who is already within the guest chamber.

The like misfortune has befallen the original and simple Church of God which befell the law of God by Moses. The Talmud of Jerusalem and of Babylon loaded down the law with several scores of huge volumes, so that in the time of Christ they made it void by traditions. The creeds of general assemblies and the canons of great councils in other days and our own have so burdened and obscured the constitution of the original Church that it is nigh impossible for us now to see and admit its only two simple items or articles which make up its constitution as God drafted it—repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet the Church must humble herself and all sacred learning by going back to that duplex original.

As this divine course of proceeding in administering a church would take in all of God's friends, there will be no call in a given and convenient area for a new organization till the old church is filled. I suppose we are to proceed in planting new branch churches as they did in planting new synagogues. When the old one was filled, a new one was founded in the most convenient place, with a duplicate service like that in the overcrowded old synagogue. Disregarding this shows how the five evangelical denominations have now 25,000 unnecessary churches and are making annually a wasteful outlay of the Lord's money to the enormous sum of twelve and a half millions.

Our missionary societies, home and foreign, should look to it that no church is organized on the exclusive principle. This is very important on our new borders, where now, in the villages, the number of sectarian churches is exceedingly offensive to true religion and to business men. Now, in towns of three, four, and five hundred people there will be found three, four, or five evangelical churches, and they are all aided by missionary funds, while all combined could not fill one of those rival churches. The executive committees of these missionary societies of the five denominations should combine and agree to grant no aid to a new and rival church while there are abundant sittings for the applicants in the older churches.

In the United States I know of no business so poorly managed as the extension of the Church. After two or three others are settled, here lies our next great reform.

A NEW LITERARY IMPULSE.

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

IT was one of the incidental misfortunes of the copyright agitation that it tempted our orators, both in and out of Congress, to indorse the extravagant English statements as to the depressed condition of our literature. Many of us were doubtless reduced, in consequence, to the condition of that plaintiff who was moved to tears by the argument of his own counsel, and justified himself by saying that he had never before known the full extent of his sufferings. It is needless to say that our condition as to literature is, in the opinion of the "Saturday Review," a very low one; quite as low, on the whole, as is the condition of our manners, our pronunciation, or our grammar. Meek and lowly as is the wont of the American mind, we never can be so comprehensively deferential as the least modest of our London critics habitually demands. This attitude of the English press will not be exorcised by any copyright bill; but now that the necessity of echoing it has vanished, is it too much to hope that American authors may assume a more robust and less apologetic tone?

As a matter of fact, the number of books of American origin "manufactured" in the United States in 1890 was 2,800; the number of reprints being 733, and the total 3,533. There is no reason why this should not be regarded, in respect to mere quantity, a satisfactory showing. That a little more than one-fifth of the books actually printed and bound here should be of English origin is not too much, in view of the community of language and interests. A smaller proportion would, indeed, show us to be cut off, to an undesirable extent, from the elder branch of the English-speaking world. The above estimate makes no account of 1,026 books accounted as "importations," these being apparently books manufactured in England, but bearing, as to a part of the edition, an American imprint. It is so common, in case of American books, to have part of the edition sent to England in just this way, that this practice need hardly be taken into account. That with which we are now concerned is the number of books actually "manufactured" in America, even before the advent of the new copyright law. Out of this number, it would appear, the American books outnumber the reprints about four to one.

Nothing impressed me more, during a trip to Colorado a year or two ago, than the unexpected preponderance of American over English books on the railway bookstalls and in the hands of the traveling book-peddlers. Rider Haggard was in his short-lived popularity, but even then Mr. Gunter's romances

were in more hands than his; and Mr. Buel and Albert Ross were selling their books by the quarter of a million. The question is not whether these books were trash; they were, at any rate, American trash, and intrinsically no poorer than their English rivals. So of women's books; "Pansy" appeared to be a more prolific author than even "The Duchess," and certainly wholesomer. It seemed a pity, doubtless, that these books should reach such high figures when Howells's "Hazard of New Fortunes" reached only to 20 000 or 25 000; yet a sale like that is not to be despised; and Mr. Cable was not afraid to own, even in the midst of the copyright agitation, that he earned an honest living by his admirable stories. No one familiar with the English railway bookstalls will assert that their standard of railway literature is higher than our own. It is a fact pretty nearly universal that the railway traveler reads chiefly to be amused. For myself, though this love of amusement has never again, after the first experiment, carried me so low as Haggard, it has carried me to Stevenson and even to Gunter. As between "The Black Arrow" and "Mr. Barnes of New York," I feel a slight preference for the American dime-novel.

So far as other literature than fiction is concerned, there is no doubt that the present tendency in the most advanced countries is to present the results of thought, more and more, in a periodical form. It is held by some librarians that the library of the future is to consist of vast alcoves full of bound periodicals, with an unlimited number of Poole's Indexes to reach them. This is by no means an alarming thought, when we consider the fact that the same author who now concentrates his statement into twenty pages of a magazine might in other days have expanded it into a quarto volume. But, be this as it may, the tendency is not to be mistaken, and, if it be so, then the nation most active in periodical literature is leading in the path where all are going. The leadership of our own country is now as unmistakable in this direction as was that of Great Britain half a century ago; and it is in this that the promise of the future lies. The reason of the vast hold taken by the American illustrated magazines in England is not merely that they are better illustrated, though this is in itself a legitimate advantage, but also that they are better conceived and better written. The English magazine, as Mr. Conway long since remarked, is not a magazine in the same sense in which ours claims that name—a vast and varied repository—but is only a circular letter in which gentlemen address themselves to those who belong to the same club with themselves or take the same views of public questions. Even the weekly press of England, so superior to ours in numbers and in average thoroughness of execution, is centuries behind it in this, that it still represents in each case a clique or a corps, as is shown by the fact that the "Saturday Review" or the "Spectator" does not, like the "Nation," criticise with impartial freedom its own contributors. The fact that each contributor to the New York periodical is liable to see his own book reviewed with entire frankness in a parallel column is something nowhere else equaled as a means for procuring an honest literature. It may sometimes bring a pang to the author, but the patriot exults.

It is my own conviction, more than once expressed, that the passage of the Copyright Act is not destined to make much difference to American authors as a body, apart from the increased self-respect which will come from the removal of the stain upon the nation's name. Even under the old system there was excellent pay and an ample market for good work, and sometimes for very poor work. The causes that have retarded our literature, wherever it has been retarded, have come, in my judgment, from quite another direction—from the necessary preoccupation in material duties, and, still more, from a lingering spirit of colonialism, which still looks Europeward for its authority, and attaches more weight to the verdict of some half-fledged boy in London than to that of his contemporary in New York. It must always be remembered, too, that we are not and never can be a race like the Greek, whose first nurture was in the ideal, but rather like the Roman, which was trained first in the forum and the field. No one can observe the way in which John Adams and Fisher Ames wrote of art and literature without being reminded of Cato's saying, that in early Rome "poetry was not held in honor; if any one devoted himself to it or went about to banquets he was called a vagabond" (*grassator vocabatur*); or of Cicero's fuller statement that poetry came tardily to Rome, while oratory was cultivated from the first. ("*Sero igitur a nostris poetæ vel cogniti vel recepti. At contra oratorem celeriter complexi sumus.*" Tusc. Disp. i. 2 3)

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

SHORT STUDIES IN LITERATURE.

XIII.—THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

By Hamilton W. Mabie.

In his twenty-seventh year Alfred de Musset wrote his "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle," in which his highly wrought prose runs at times perilously near the verge of bathos in the endeavor to press the idea of self-abandonment to passion to its ultimate expression. In describing himself as "the child of the age" the brilliant young poet, of whom Heine said that "the Muse of Comedy kissed him on the lips, but the Muse of Tragedy on the heart," meant to emphasize the depth of the impression which his own time had made upon him. Compounded as he was of fire and sensibility, exquisitely sensitive to the influence of the moment, whether it be the sudden perception of an ideal or the ravishing grace of the woman upon whom his vagrant fancy had settled for an instant, his mood responded to the spirit of his age as the string responds to the wind that breathes across it. A genius at once so delicate and so dependent will express itself at one time with a beautiful impulsiveness and at another time with an appealing pathos; but it will never compass a vast range of life, nor discover great constructive energy. Born in a prosaic age, it will produce little, though that little may be of the highest quality; born in a poetic age, it will respond to a thousand influences and sing in many tones; but even under the highest stimulus there will be no master tones—those tones which make a music of their own. If such a genius falls upon a fortunate time, it will reveal a quality so rare and fine that every expression of itself will bear the stamp of distinction, but the sum of all its work will reveal a variety of influences struggling with or succeeding one another, not a sovereign influence shaping and harmonizing life. If one note recurs more frequently than another, it will be, as in De Musset the note of weariness, satiety, and despair. To be the child of the age is to feel its pangs and miss its higher inspirations.

There is another class of minds, very different from that to which De Musset belongs, who are in large measure dependent upon their times. There are natures clear in insight, strong in conviction, steadfast in self-control, who lack the impulse of expression in a strong way, and who depend upon the general impulse of their time for motive power; natures which have great reserves of thought and emotion which are never brought into action because the inward impulse is feeble and the outward impulse fails to supply it. It is noticeable that in periods of great poetic productiveness there is often a group perceptibly lower in rank than their great contemporaries, but whose range of emotion and melody of phrase entitle them to high position. To those who study them closely these singers discover a distinct reflex influence from their leaders; with such gifts as theirs, and with their sensitiveness, they have happily fallen upon times of tumultuous energy and motivity, and they are swept onward by a universal tide. Fallen upon less inspiring times, these melodious voices would be silent, or faint and uncertain. Perhaps the best English example of a really gifted nature weak on the side of motivity and fallen upon prosaic times is that of Gray. Mr. Arnold has quoted a phrase from a letter of the Master of Pembroke Hall at Cambridge, Gray's friend and executor, as significant of the poet's life: "Everything is now dark and melancholy in Mr. Gray's room; not a trace of him remains there; it looks as if it had been for some time uninhabited, and the room bespoke for another inhabitant. The thoughts I have of him will last, and will be useful to me the few years I can expect to live. He never spoke out, but I believe, from some little expressions I now remember to have dropped from him, that for some time past he thought himself nearer his end than those about him apprehended." He never spoke out! "In these four words," says Mr. Arnold, "is contained the whole history of Gray, both as a man and as a poet." Gray was one of the foremost scholars of his time; more than this, he was a man of deep and genuine culture. In many respects his position was favorable to work; he had solitude, books, the atmosphere of a university town, freedom from pressing cares, detachment from affairs. He had very high standards and an open mind; he could not be deceived as to the quality of his work, and he felt and expressed the deeper view of nature which was later to add a new and noble strain to English verse. No one can read the "Elegy" without feeling the beautiful quality of the poet's genius and the perfect sense of form which went with it, and no one can read the Odes, especially if he bears in mind the literary period in which they were written, without becoming conscious of the originality and picturesque power of the poet. Why, then, with so many favorable conditions, did Gray produce so little? The chief condition was unfavorable: the spirit of the age was alien to his genius. He was a poet of great gifts and defective impulse fallen upon a prosaic time. The atmosphere he breathed, instead of vitalizing, debilitated him. Nobly endowed and richly furnished with knowledge, he lacked motivity, and the age was against him. "If I do not write much," he said to Horace Walpole, "it is because I cannot." The age was bent upon the making of prose, and Gray, who had the soul of a great poet, sustained his ideals and put the stamp of a lofty soul on his work, but he could not utter himself freely and naturally. He was born out of time, and he never spoke out!

Alfred de Musset illustrates the impress of the time on a nature sensitive, responsive, and passionate rather than creative, self-directed, and endowed with deep insight; Gray, on the other hand, the influence of the time on a well poised, clear sighted but shrinking nature, full of possibilities of power, but lacking the inward impulse. The spirit of the age was the chief inspiration of the one, and hence the limitation of his vision; the spirit of the age was the hindrance of the other, and hence the small volume of his work.

VIENNA APARTMENTS.

By Mrs. Ella Rodman Church.

It was once written of the then capital of Germany, "A curious prerogative of the sovereign here is that the second floor of every house belongs to him, and is assigned to whomsoever he thinks proper; and hence there is no part of Germany where lodging is so dear as at Vienna." But all this is changed now, the only reminder of the old custom being found in the name *bel étage*, still given to the third, or, as they call it here, the second, floor.

Most of the population of about two millions live in apartments, and a private house for a private family is scarcely to be found. The apartment may be in a palace, with its princely owner on the other side of the great court or entrance hall, which in this case will be tessellated, or paved with marble; but even an ordinary apartment-house has a wide frontage on each side of the broad double doors which open into the common hall. On either side other double doors lead into a smaller hall, where is the staircase, also of stone, and still another set of double doors opening directly into the apartment of the ground floor.

These stone halls and staircases, with their lofty ceilings and their monotonous tones of gray and white, have a very cold look, especially with the thermometer at zero, and mountains of snow in the streets; and one cannot help wishing for a crimson stair carpet, at least, to break the arctic aspect. But stair carpets of any kind are unknown in a middle class apartment, and the only redeeming characteristic of these cheerless passageways is the frequent outlook at the back through gates of open ironwork into pleasant grounds that are more cheerful even in winter than the uncompromising walls of houses.

A flat here consists of so many "pieces," as rooms are called; and these "pieces" vary in size and number. One room—which means a goodly sized apartment with two windows, that serves as parlor and dining-room—two cabinets (narrow rooms having but one window), and a kitchen, are indispensable for a family of over three persons; yet the process of doubling up is practiced to an extent that amazes English and American visitors. The idea seems to prevail that nothing whatever is required of a bedroom but a place to sleep in; and a sofa or two will be rolled into the parlor at night for those who, in the distribution of bedrooms, have, like Mother Hubbard's dog, got none.

An apartment of the above size, on the ground floor, in a desirable situation, rents at from 420 to 500 florins a year—which is equal to from $17 50 to $20 a month. A larger flat higher up, but not

the first story, may be had for the same price; which includes water-rate, gas when there is any, and the services of the porter. This seems a moderate price for a gay capital, but there are drawbacks. The tenant is obliged to make all the repairs; to pay for painting and papering, although the walls may be in an unfit condition for any respectable resident; and to clean after the outgoing occupants—who, if Jews, as they frequently are, will be sure to make the task no sinecure. To all remonstrances against these exactions there is but one reply: an expressive shrug of the shoulders, and the uncompromising intimation that "you take the apartment as it is, or—you leave it for the next applicant, who will soon appear."

Raising the rent, too, at the most inopportune moment—as, for instance, when a tenant with æsthetic yearnings has managed, at an inconvenient expenditure, to reconcile the discordant paint and paper found on the premises—is a frequent practice, although it seems always to be the unexpected. Natives and foreigners are alike ready to sympathize with the poor English "professor" who excitedly announces to his neighbors from time to time that "he has been rose!"—as being "rose" is a serious matter for those whose occupation makes it desirable to be as stationary as possible.

The item of rent appears to be regarded as a peculiar extortion; but Americans find it wonderfully cheap, though scolding at the uniform absence of closets, chimney-pieces, and the comforts of life generally. Gas is not universal even in good lodgings; and the lamps in general use seem to do little more than make the darkness visible. One feels no sentimental affection for the light of other days when obliged to depend upon a glow-worm of a candle for bedtime illumination; and the odd appearance of two or three wardrobes—some with hooks and some with shelves—and as many chests of drawers, perhaps, in one room is, to say the least, not decorative.

Even the parlor is not exempt from the invasion of wardrobes to make up for the lack of closets; and this gives an air of stiffness that is not easily overcome. A point in the furnishing of this room is the formation of "an establishment," which consists of a large round table (usually the dining-table) drawn up to the sofa against the wall, with chairs of various kinds placed around it, the sofa being the throne, as it were, and the other seats the satellites.

White porcelain stoves in every room but the kitchen go with the apartment, and these are much prettier and more cheerful-looking than our American stoves. They have, however, the objectionable peculiarity of giving out very little heat, and of going out entirely unless the fire is constantly replenished. It is a hand to hand fight between the stove and the unfortunate who depends upon it for heat, whether there shall be a fire or not. As high arched ceilings are the order of the day, whatever heat there may be is conveniently ensconced in the upper regions.

One servant, with some help from the mistress, usually attends to a modest apartment of five or six pieces, and about five dollars a month is considered a full and sufficient compensation for her services. The lady, too, is allowed far more privileges than in America; for, instead of demanding an afternoon and evening during the week, with Sunday evening besides, and both afternoon and evening every alternate week, Gretchen or Magdalena thankfully takes her half-holiday on every other Sunday, without raising her thoughts to revelry by day or night during the week. She is also appreciative, and even courtly in her way of showing it—kissing a lady's hand for every gift or favor, and pleased with the most trifling presents. She is a contented soul; and, having found a comfortable home, does not dream of conquering other and more desirable kingdoms.

Half past seven, summer and winter, is the common breakfast hour in Vienna; and the getting of this meal is by no means an onerous undertaking, as it rarely consists of anything more than bread and coffee. This is the native soil of Vienna rolls, which the baker brings to the apartment every morning in various shapes and styles, one variety having a queer and uncanny element of caraway seeds, which to the uninitiated is by no means a welcome addition. The coffee is always good, and sometimes delicious; with plenty of good milk and cream, and, for the rolls, fresh, unsalted butter. The Viennese, however, eat very little butter; and their bills for this item cannot be large.

Midday dinners are the fashion; and people of moderate means are fond of a well-flavored soup made from a piece of beef, which is served with a vegetable or two for the second course. Vegetables are not abundant; lima beans and sweet potatoes are unknown; and celery, except a dwarf species that is cultivated only for the root, is equally so. This root is sliced and then stewed with a little milk and butter; but it is very inferior to our long, crisp stalks. Large glasses of lager beer are usually taken at this meal by the elders of the family; but there is no "pudding," except on Sunday or a holiday. Coffee and rolls without butter are served at six o'clock; and at nine there is a fourth meal of hot meat and one vegetable.

A family of five or six persons can live in this moderate way in an apartment considered very desirable, except by those who are accustomed to more room, on a yearly expenditure of about 2 000 florins, or a trifle over $800—which does not include dress or strictly personal expenses. Their position, too, will entitle them to very good society.

A 700 florin apartment is quite a grand affair; with three rooms, two cabinets, a kitchen, and a hall—differing especially in the last particular from the lower-priced one, where entrance to the other rooms is to be had only through the kitchen. This is so narrow that, in one case at least, it is known in the family as "the mountain pass."

SHE LOVED A SAILOR.[1]

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

By Amelia E. Barr,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," "The Squire of Sandal Side," "The Border Shepherdess," "Feet of Clay," etc., etc.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.—(*Continued.*)

As the summer advanced, the Major proposed a long visit to Rockaway, and Virginia answered, "Indeed I shall like it, father. We shall see the great ships go in and out, and—"

"And if Marius should come in any one of them—"

"I should know it as he passed me, though there were miles of space between us."

"You think so, you feel so, Virginia; but, as a fact, Destiny loves surprises, and the great events of our lives take us unawares."

So the summer passed not unpleasantly away, in spite of business and financial prostration. Indeed, this very year was a time of delirious distress in New York's history. Failures were so numerous that men ceased to number them. Merchants were gasping for breath, and workingmen, on the point of starvation, were beginning to form protective combinations—a phenomenon so strange in America that it was judicially pronounced "a European notion, needless and incompatible with our free institutions."

In May there was a general suspension of banks, and the streets were crowded with despairing men and patrolled by troops to prevent rioting. No goods were selling, no business stirring, no houses building, and lots which a year before brought any price for fear they might run away were now not salable at all. In England, also, everything was tending to a like commercial crisis.

But men learn very soon how to make the best of loss, and, in spite of it, to enjoy the pleasure still remaining. Gradually New York recovered her energy, and when the Major and Virginia returned home in September there were no signs on the surface of life of the past trouble. Vandenhoff, Forrest, and Mr. Wallack were playing in various theaters. Young Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was just surrendering his promenade on Broadway to Keokuk and Black Hawk and their bands of Sauk, Fox, and Sioux Indians; and the glorious fall weather, sunny, cool, and full of cheerful vigor, was flooding the streets with life and hope.

"*Just before the winter.*" These words, so full of promise, were never long out of Virginia's mind, and their influence, combined with the fresh salt air, had made a great change in her condition. She had been very near the grave, and she had brought back from that mysterious travel marks which time would never quite efface; no, nor happiness; no, nor yet love. But she was now able to take an interest in life, and in some measure to perform its duties. Many thought she had lost beauty and grace; those who saw clearer perceived the rarer delicacy of her bloom, and the refinement of all that was before lovely and womanly in her.

She watched, she waited, she listened even in her sleep. Her life was all attention. And every one in the house shared her vigil, though little allusion was made to it. No sign, however, came to her. September and October passed, and November—though the Indian summer tinged its first days—was gradually taking on the cold, gray lights and darker shadows of approaching winter. One night, as she sat quiet by her father's side, there was a quick knock at the door. Her face flushed, but she shook her head in answer to his look. "It is not the step of Marius." The Major laid down his book and rose to welcome the coming visitor. John Paul Keteltas came hurriedly into the room.

"My friend," he said, "very bad news has come to me. Nigel Forfar has been murdered, and I must go to my Jane."

"Murdered!"

"By the mother of those four children we saved. This is the end of a bad marriage. I must go to my Jane, who is ill and likely to be a mother again ere I reach her."

"What can I do?"

"There are many things you can do for me, my friend," and he sat down and took several papers from his pocket, and as rapidly as possible explained his desires to Major Mason.

"I ask you to do these things for me," he said, "because I may be some weeks from New York. I shall make an end of all my interests in Tennessee, and bring my daughter back with me. Such changes are not made with a wish and a word."

"What will Jane do with the plantation? Perhaps she may wish to live on it."

"My dear, the plantation is all mine. I own the land and the house and the slaves, big and little. I shall make the slaves free as I am. I shall sell house and land, and divide the money among them."

Then Virginia rose and kissed him, and he continued: "Yes, my dear, I will have none of the price of it, not one dollar. I will give my poor Jane your kiss and your love, and I will look to see you red and fresh as my finest roses are when I come back again."

He did not delay longer. He was full of anxious hurry, and he had the air of a man who is pressed to the accomplishment of some belated duty. His farewell words to the Major indicated it—

"I must go quickly, lest worse come."

The Major could read no longer. He began to walk about the floor and talk to Virginia. "Forfar was a cruel man, but this is a great retribution."

"I have heard you say that crime and punishment grow out of one stem—in this case, how true! Jane will be broken-hearted."

"I think not. The golden image of Jane's love has been long thrown down. Jane will weep for a short time, and then forget. You will see her here soon; her fair hair and fair face showing very handsome in folds and veilings of blackest crape. I trust she may yet have happiness enough to redeem her lost years."

"Father, how can a woman forget her first love?"

"Easily, if her first love teach her the lesson. I know, from what John Paul has told me, that Nigel Forfar took infinite pains to make his wife despise him. He courted her hatred as once he courted her love. Really, he never forgave her the loss of the boys Alexander and Stephen."

"Indeed, father, I was not sure if in that matter Jane was just and right. A wife should be loyal to her husband."

"Right or wrong?"

"Perhaps. At any rate, if Jane had done her full duty to Nigel, and left the righting of the wrong to God, this deed would have freed the four children without her paying the price she did."

"It was not in Jane's nature to wait. She fought the wrong, and she fought her own misery, from first to last."

"She was small and sandy haired—you know;" and Virginia smiled sadly. "I did not fight, father. I just fell prostrate."

"Against some blows, falling is the only fencing, my dear."

"Poor Jane! She was so sanguine when I last saw her; so anxious to put all wrong right; so full of renewed love for her husband. I think she can never get over such a blow."

"I tell you she will, and I think no worse of Jane because I read her future so. She will return with her father. She will rule the old man absolutely through his grandchildren. The large

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silent house will soon echo with little feet and voices; and anon Jane will go into society, and be very popular, and much admired. I think she will marry young Van Schaick; he is handsome and very rich, and he told me that if he had not been in Europe when Jane married Forfar, he would have given the Southerner a harder task to win her. I think he loved Jane truly."

"Then he ought to have said so before he went to Europe. He made Jane miserable many a time. I despise a man who is always arguing a question with himself, and never able to come to a decision."

"It is better to argue a question without deciding it than to decide it without arguing it."

"Not in love, father. To show a warmth that is not to be shared, or even communicated!—nothing is colder."

The subject of Jane's sudden trouble and of her future was not to be talked away or into the background. Not even Nelly's decided opinions on it could settle the tragedy in Virginia's mind. It kept her waking all night, it filled her mind as she wearily went about her occupations in the morning; it added a kind of gloomy atmosphere to her own delayed hopes and scarcely articulate doubts and fears. The day was dark and rainy; the trees desolated; even her desperate hope could hardly deny much longer the actual presence of winter.

The Major had begun to grow nervous and anxious; he could not endure to sit in the company of such sharp yet dumb inquiry; he felt that even while Virginia talked with him her heart was fluttering with expectation or sick with delay, and that it cost her a great effort to understand and answer his remarks if there was the slightest unusual movement. This morning he found her especially listless and unsettled, and he determined to go down town and leave her at least that liberty of solitude which her visible suffering asked.

About eleven o'clock Nelly looked into the parlor with a face that at once startled Virginia. "What is it, Nelly? Nelly, what is it?"

"John Thomas, Miss. He wants badly to see you—that is, I want him to tell you a bit of a story he hes heard."

"A story he has heard! Where, Nelly?"

"He took the master to the Exchange, and then master told him not to keep the horses standing in the cold and wet, but to run them back to stable. Well, Miss, he were obeying orders, when Adam Casely hailed him; Adam was able seaman on—the 'Arethusa.'"

"Nelly, what are you going to tell me?"

"John Thomas, come in, and say your say. Don't you be afraid, Miss. John Thomas was niver the one to bring bad news to any one."

John Thomas came shyly in. He was a tall, massive Yorkshire youth, dressed partly like an hostler and partly like a sailor. His scrimp corduroy nethers and big shoes gave him the air of the stable, but he wore a sailor's blouse, with its low, square collar, and his eyes reminded one of the sea. He balanced his hat firmly between his hands, and was awkward and uncertain, though he looked, with an honest, open-faced kindness, straight into Virginia's troubled eyes.

"John Thomas, what have you to tell me? Nothing sorrowful—nothing disappointing?"

"Not I, Miss. I'm none of that kind. I couldn't be hired for any amount of brass to bring you bad news. T' long and t' short of it is, I met Adam Casely, and he says that Captain Bradford isn't many knots behind him."

"Now, Miss, don't you take on. Hev a mouthful of wine. There's nothing to cry about." Then, turning to John Thomas—"Go on, my lad. Tell your story straight, if you hev that much mense and sense."

"I said, 'Adam, whativer hes come to the "Arethusa"?' and he said, 'Burned to t' water's edge.' 'Where?' says I. 'In a varry bad quarter northeasterly off Newfoundland, twenty-sixth day of April, 1836.' 'Come, I'll get down and tie my horses,' said I, 'and we'll hev a drink, and tell me all about it,' and he said, 'I will.'"

Nelly looked at him indignantly. "Keep thysen and Adam Casely out of it, will ta? Tell a straight story, now."

"Varry well, then. It was on the morning of the 25th they found fire in the hold, and all that day and night the Captain fought it, as if it was a man to wrestle with. He were black and burned, and he hed the carpenters building a big raft over his head, but he fought it all the same like a madman, niver knowing if the smoke choked or the flame burnt him, till all was hopeless as doom. Then he came on deck, stern and quiet, and ordered ivery one to their places. Four women and two childer he put in the big boat with the first officer, and as many of the passengers as she would hold; others upon the raft. Adam and sixteen men were in the Captain's boat, and work enough to save them all, for the fire had got its awn ill way at last; and before the Captain left the ship it was a wall of flame about him. No screaming, no swearing, varry little speaking. 'Do this, do that; go now, go there,' was all the Captain said, but ivery one was taken safe off."

"And the Captain also?"

"Well, Miss, Captain Bradford was the last to leave the 'Arethusa.' She was then swaying about, and crying and roaring like a creature in mortal pain. But though he hedn't a moment to spare, he took the flag in his hands, and lifted it to his lips, and then run it well up, and the fire breeze blew it out, and by the time he hed reached the boat the mizzen mast and yards were on fire, and the flame caught the stars and stripes; and when the Captain saw that, he let his head fall into his burnt and blistered hands and began to sob like a little lad."

"Now, Miss! now, Miss! I wouldn't cry if I was you. Whya, I could laugh for varry joy that God Almighty makes such men. Go on, John Thomas."

"I asked Adam what next, and he said, sorrow on sorrow. Till dark the boats kept together, for they were to follow the Captain's boat back to Newfoundland, if so be they could make it; but a great fog came up with the night chill, and in the morning they were all alone. Please, Miss, I'd rayther not say anything about the next twelve days. Only the Captain and six men lived through them, and they were at death's door when the 'Polly Palmer,' a whaler out of Marblehead, came alongside. By that time the Captain was varry bad; the hunger and thirst and fever, and the misery of arms burnt from finger ends to shoulder blades, had left varry little life in him. He was quite off his senses, and, Adam said, fretting himsen beyond iverything for a little maid he was to hev married."

He stopped a moment and looked at his mistress and at his wife. Virginia stood upright, with dilated eyes and flushed cheeks, and hands firmly grasping the back of a chair. Nelly stood beside her, crying with a frank freeness, more sympathetic, however, than sorrowful. She nodded imperatively to John Thomas's look of inquiry, and he obeyed its order.

"The Captain of the 'Polly Palmer' hed just been married, and he hed a fellow-feeling for his shipmate. Adam says they grew to be varry close friends in all their troubles, and they weren't few, for the 'Polly Palmer' hed little luck that summer, and she pushed a bit too far north, and got shut in by the ice—just packed in it—and a long winter to live through. Some got through it, and some died, and it was well on summer again before the 'Polly Palmer' could stir out of her ice prison, and then her captain hed to load, and the whales off where they shouldn't hev been, and hard to find, and the men trusting all to Captain Marius, who, Adam says, is a whaler beyond iverything, throwing the harpoon as if that was the only business he hed iver hed in his life, and leading the boats and working and loading as if the ship and loading were his varry ransom."

"I know! I know! I know he would be faithful! But, oh! John Thomas, where is he now?"

"He left the whaler at Marblehead, he and his six men, and, as luck would hev it, the 'Sprightly Ann' and the 'Sea Rover' were just ready to lift anchor for New York. Bits of boats both of them, but right enough for coasters, only not able to take all together. So Adam and two of his mates came in the 'Sprightly Ann,' and landed this morning at nine o'clock. Captain Bradford and the other three men are in the 'Sea Rover,' and like enough to be at anchor now—and the trouble all over, Miss, and nothing but a sailor's fortune after all. The sea is a hard mother to her sons, Miss—knocks them about all their lives, and at the long end gives them a grave. Nay, nay, Miss, I'd niver cry for a trouble that is over; it isn't worth the compliment," for Virginia had broken down at last, and was crying for very pride and joy in Nelly's arms.

That wise young woman knew better than to encourage her. She turned first to her husband: "John Thomas, I'd go back to my work, if I was thee;" and then to Virginia: "Come, Miss, you hevn't a minute to spare for crying now. I should think you would like to give some orders about dinner; a man that hes been on a whaler nearly twenty months wants a bit of freshness in his victuals; and I wouldn't hev the Captain see me in that gown, if I was you; it is varry unbecoming, and I allays said so."

Nelly had touched the right key. A spirit of pleasant hurry soon filled the house. There was a little culinary discussion, and then Virginia went to her drawers and took out the pretty new dresses that had been made for her bridal, and looked at them with that critical eye which includes another's taste. None of them seemed so appropriate as one made specially for the sea—a dark blue cloth, with a loose waist falling away slightly from her white throat, where it was closed with a silk kerch'ef tied in a sailor's knot. Large shell combs held up the coronal of her hair behind, and in front it fell in those soft drooping curls which, whatever the wearers of frizzes and pompadours and bangs may think, are infinitely womanly and enticing.

A soft blush on her cheeks, the very light of love in her eyes. The Major came home for lunch, and before she told him a word of the wondrous story he read it in her face, her voice, her manner, her dress. And he rejoiced in her joy. With a sweet thoughtfulness, he resolved to go down to the wharf at which the "Sprightly Ann" anchored and wait for the "Sea Rover."

Then Virginia grew restless, anxious, disturbed with her happiness. Movement of some kind became an imperative demand. She went to her room and unlocked the drawer in which her wedding robe had been laid away. She spread out the rich white satin and lace, the long blonde veil, the wreath of white roses, the trimmed gloves, the satin slippers, all the fair adornments she had locked from her sight with such heart-breaking sorrow and disappointment.

She was so occupied with this and kindred occupations that she suddenly became aware that the short winter afternoon was wearing away into gloom and darkness. Marius had not come. Her father had not returned. A great fear clutched her by the heart. She went hurriedly down stairs and called Nelly. Nelly put on a bravado of confidence, but Virginia was sure she saw anxiety beneath it.

"Is it late, Nelly?"

"Only getting on to four o'clock. It is early dark now, Miss."

"He has not come, Nelly."

"Wind and tide are beyond counting on, Miss. The wind changed at noon. Tides only come twice a day. He'll be here anon; I shouldn't wonder if master was waiting for him."

But Nelly had caught Virginia's worry. She lit an extraordinary number of candles through the house, and always managed, in placing them, to excuse herself for looking out of the window. When she arranged the parlor lights, Virginia did not speak. She had thrown herself upon the sofa, and clasped her hands above her eyes. All her being was held in suspense. All her strength was strained in the act of waiting. She knew that it was now dark in the street; she could hear the rain plashing on the pavement, and she could hear nothing else. If only the trample of horses would break the silence! If only she could hear a footstep! Oh, any footstep would be easier to endure than none!

Nelly was cross with anxiety and disappointment. "Men were always that way. An aggravating set. Never coming when they were wanted; always in the way when they were not wanted. The Major, too, loitering out-of-doors at this hour. I'll give John Thomas a dressing," she muttered, and, with the unjust threat on her lips, she opened the front door to take another look down the dim, wet street.

She drew herself up with a quick gasp. There was a man in a sailor's dress opposite. He crossed the street rapidly, he took the steps at a bound, he held Nelly by both shoulders, and, half laughing and half crying, said:

"Nelly, Nelly, can I go in?"

She pointed to the parlor door. He opened it swiftly, silently, and in a moment he was kneeling by Virginia's side. He had his arms under and around her. He was kissing the sobbing cries of joy from off her lips. His thirsty eyes were drinking deep draughts of love from her eyes. His ears were filled with the music of her voice, and his whole soul spoke in the short, glad words with which he answered all her longing and all her hopes:

"My love! my life! my wife!"

[THE END.]

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

A DANGEROUS INTRODUCTION.

THERE are fashions the following of which no sensible woman can understand. For some months now our eyes have been offended by the long skirts worn on our streets. A more filthy or unhealthful fashion has never been introduced. Damp skirts become a minor evil, hardly worth considering, beside the awful danger of accumulating and distributing the disease germs that abound in the dirt of our streets. Amazement increases at the appalling ignorance or indifference of the women who make trailing dresses in the street fashionable. No mandate but the willingness of the individual wearer makes this uncleanliness possible. Long dresses in the street have not one advantage in their favor. Skirts that clear the walk are more economical, more healthful, more graceful. No woman can be dignified who is compelled to make frantic dashes to lift her dress skirt to escape some suddenly discovered nastiness which she wishes to avoid, and no woman of clean habits will let her dress skirts drag through the mud and filth of our streets. There is only one way to kill this undesirable and undesired fashion, and that is for each individual woman to refuse to wear long skirts on the streets. It is incomprehensible that at this day, when every woman of intelligence is striving after health, when she spends as much time to reduce weight and superfluity in her underwear as she does in designing pretty costumes, that she should be guilty of offending by this unsightly, unsuitable, unhealthy fashion of trailing dresses on our dirty streets.

In Washington recently a well-dressed woman was crossing Pennsylvania Avenue. It had rained the night before, and the pavement was covered about an inch deep with liquid mud. Evidently this woman had not worn a trailing dress the length of time necessary to enable her to lift her dress automatically; she was in a hurry and walked quickly. Just before reaching the opposite curb she remembered her trailing skirt and grabbed at it frantically; as she lifted it the liquid mud it had accumulated dripped from the skirt, or rather the bunch of goods at the back, in little streams, suggesting the appearence of a street-sweeper's broom as he lifts it up. The wearer looked aghast, hurriedly beckoned a hansom, and hurried herself and her street-sweepings out of sight.

When a woman makes her clothes a cause for shame and embarrassment, it is an evidence of weakness or lack of intelligence that should be viewed with charity, as we view all social delinquencies and excuse them because the offenders know no better.

A WOMAN'S HOTEL.

CAN THE USEFULNESS OF WORKINGWOMEN'S CLUBS BE EXTENDED?

By J. Stanley-Brown.

THERE is a large and growing class of sturdy women wage-earners in America to whom the very suggestion of charity is justly repugnant, but who stand greatly in need of, and are ready for participation in, wisely directed co-operation in the matter of their lodging and subsistence. The circumstances of life compel them to stand alone, and the utter forlornness, the too frequent misery, and often the positive danger of so standing are evidenced in the unwritten annals and by the gratifying success of workingwomen's clubs.

Thanks to discussion and the press, the idea is becoming widespread that the mental forces of the world are at a low ebb if a way cannot be devised by means of which these women can, without the enfeebling effect of charity, be made sharers of the benefits and actual participators in the conduct of some well-thought-out scheme of co-operation.

It is recognized that the principle of co-operation, though apparently simple, is in reality complex, and that it is comprehended by the average mind with difficulty; but there is encouragement in the fact that that co-operation is sure to be effective which is inaugurated by the trained and competent few, but whose management and benefits are ultimately shared in by the deserving many.

As will already have been surmised, the object of this communication is to present in some detail a co-operative plan for the better housing, the better maintenance, and the better encouragement of women wage-earners, with all charity features omitted. No claim is laid to originality. The writer is an advocate of the plan, not its inventor. As the readers of many English and American writers know, the air is full of and the time is ripe for such things; and, indeed, such a scheme, similar in all save one of its charitable features, is now in successful operation in Chicago.

Stated briefly, the problem is, Can any co-operative plan be devised by means of which women earning but small incomes can secure board, lodgings, and social advantages without sacrificing their independence or suffering any abridgment of the liberties which are the right of every honest woman?

Let us see how it will work out on paper; but first let me request the critics not to "beat the air" by quoting failures of schemes which, through charitable features or by limiting conditions which no self-respecting woman could meet, bore in their very inception elements of disaster.

It is evident that no set of workingwomen have time or energy to arrange for suitable quarters, even if they could command the confidence of those able to furnish the capital required to set the plan in motion. While the workingwomen are a most potent factor in the case, plainly the initiative must come from the outside. In all well-established communities there are intelligent persons of proved integrity who are sufficiently identified with philanthropic movements to secure financial support from the moneyed class. Let us suppose that there can be found among these wealthy individuals those who are willing to loan funds enough to construct a building capable of accommodating a given number of occupants, provided the plan is inaugurated by this "competent few." Even in that case the services of a trust company can be called in to guard against any loss in the receipt or disbursement of construction funds. The possibilities of the case are not so imaginary, after all, for the signs of the time indicate that to the ranks of the wealthy there is a steady addition of those who are willing to aid such plans if they can be convinced that the money will be wisely employed. Considering the discouragement that capital receives through what must seem to it unbusinesslike methods, it is wonderful that it is willing to do so much. In this case there is the added inducement that it is not a gift, but a loan. Every dollar subscribed for the erection or purchase of a building and its full equipment could be protected by non-interest-paying bonds, secured by a deed of trust, and the ultimate redemption of these bonds would be quite within the power of even so weak a financial community, if its efforts were wisely guided. The payment of a small interest might even be possible. It is the use of money and not the money itself that is needed. If you lend a boy your shovel, and by using it to clean off snow he earns twenty-five cents, no harm is done; but give him out of hand the price of the shovel and you imperil his character. The aid extended, therefore, would no more involve a question of charity than if a woman lived in a boarding-house with a non-interest-paying mortgage on it. Some way might even be devised for the utilization of the bonds as a savings fund for the occupants.

Let us now suppose that the "competent few" have, by means of the contributions of the "favored class," erected a building, and the "deserving many" are invited to come and occupy it. A board of directors look after the welfare of the building, and see that it is not diverted from its legitimate uses. They are represented on the inside by a superintendent or other proper person, but how shall the internal government be arranged? Why, by the combined action of the majority of those enjoying the benefits of the establishment, just as any similar organization of men would be managed. Who will so well understand and be so thoroughly familiar with the varied needs as those concerned—the regular occupants? When its benefits are felt, who will be so careful to guard against any impairment of its usefulness through improper conduct as those partaking of the benefits? And here also comes in the co-operative element, stimulating interest, begetting a feeling of responsibility and accountability, fostering that valuable sense of possession, developing pride in the establishment, and encouraging thrift and economy. By this means it is possible to engender that loyalty, devotion, and uprightness which, when springing from within the individual, means success in any direction to which it is applied. This is the great principle underlying the successes of the world.

Let us suppose, further, that the establishment is occupied and managed as indicated. All mere creature comforts are provided for. It has been ascertained and duly set before the occupants in the form of reports from officers of their own electing just how much it costs to provide for them and leave a small surplus. Each one is called upon weekly or monthly for her share of the account, and a little room rent in addition, which goes towards a sinking fund. Now comes the time to set in motion other matters, for neither man nor woman lives by bread alone. These matters have been anticipated by those inaugurating the scheme. A laundry must be started for the use of the occupants as well as the public, and also that those temporarily out of service may be given employment. It may be found that the house is a convenient place for women to meet at noon, to take lunch and to utilize for general club purposes. This, if suitably provided for, will be remunerative and again furnish employment. Arrangements may be made for the accommodation of transients, such as ladies traveling alone, and they would naturally expect to pay somewhat higher rates than the permanent occupants. In large cities guides could be furnished for shopping and sight-seeing purposes, and thus open up another avenue of employment. No establishment could offer better opportunities for a cooking school or for giving instruction in dressmaking. Educational enterprises of all kinds could be taken up with reasonable assurances of good attendance. Those seeking instruction in stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping, carving, architectual drawing, and training in all branches of commercial usefulness could find it here, should the demand warrant the forming of classes. A gymnasium would be found advantageous to those occupying rooms, while the patronage of outsiders would reduce the cost to those within. Even physical culture would be among the possibilities. A reading-room would be a necessity, and in time there could be added well-filled book shelves should it not be possible to make satisfactory arrangements with the public libraries, and, indeed, the time of one person would be well occupied in attending to the books obtained by either system. The large rooms which are provided and arranged for the use and recreation of the occupants can be utilized for lectures, concerts, entertainments, and all manner of things edifying and instructive, and even rented under suitable restrictions. As an employment bureau the establishment would offer special advantages, for where many are gathered together some will usually be found who will know of desirable situations for their less fortunate sisters.

As an adjunct to charity organizations it will be most useful. It will save them the maintenance of separate buildings. Their wards can be sent to the hotel, the organization paying for their lodging and board. Thus it is an auxiliary to, and not the opponent of, benevolent societies and guilds.

It in no wise antagonizes true religious sentiment, but promotes it. While religious liberty and noninterference is assured to all, the fullest information on religious matters and places of worship can be furnished, and each left to her own selection. The very character of the establishment, with its many interests, will keep the minds of the occupants fresh, and tend to the development of better spiritual as well as mental qualities.

It is not supposed that all these features can be combined in one establishment. There will be varied needs, and each set of conditions must be met in a suitable way. But they are cited to show the versatility of the plan. It is elastic, and permits of indefinite expansion. The establishment can be made the nucleus of all progressive move-

ments. Its very make-up permits this. It is not a "home," it is not an "institution," it is not a "reformatory," it is not a "retreat;" it is the residence of a band of workingwomen, who are united on a co-operative principle for self-help, and by the influence of their success the success of an indefinite number of similar establishments is assured. The spectacle is presented of a collection of women wage-earners managing their own affairs, living hopeful, helpful lives, steadfast in the consciousness of the rectitude of their conduct, subordinating their personality voluntarily, but only in so far as is necessary to secure the greatest good of the whole, and challenging fearlessly the carpings and the criticisms of the world.

This whole question is in line with the practical thought of the day, and should command the attention and interest of all classes. The daughter of the man of wealth, whose intelligent support makes this establishment possible, may, through the vicissitudes of life, be glad to avail herself of its protecting shelter. The philanthropist will find in it a fuller realization of his dreams, and the results will possess lasting value. It will furnish to the benevolently inclined the widest scope for their activities. Let those who attend services in magnificent edifices, costing fabulous sums and adorned with all the skill of modern art, remember that the time may come when woman—the Church's best supporter—may cry out to these structures, "'Why stand ye here idle all the day long?' These walls, which on two or three occasions during the week resound with praises to a God of mercy and love, why are ye not utilized as veritable temples for the temporal as well as the spiritual uplifting of women wage-earners?"

Our talents of silver may lie hidden and useless in a napkin. Do not *give* them away, but send them forth, and when their benign work is accomplished in one direction send them forth again and again on their helpful mission. The value of gold lies in the service that it can be made to perform, not in its possession.

A PILGRIMAGE TO WASHINGTON.

THE HOMES OF WASHINGTON SOCIALLY.

TO speak of the homes of Washington as though the brick walls made them is to show but small appreciation of the subject.

An observing person who has been brought in contact with the people of different cities in their own homes discovers in each city a positive local standard; each city places a value on certain conditions that the people of other cities, with different standards, consider above par. Sometimes these standards are material, sometimes ancestral, sometimes mental. As a proof, let me quote the familiar declaration that the question that society in New York asks is, "How much is he worth?" Boston society asks, "How much does he know?" while Philadelphia asks, "Who is he?" and the tone of each city seems almost to make the declaration true. Every stranger who visits New York is impressed, if not oppressed, by the money-making spirit that governs its life. It makes the crowds merciless; it is the cause of the heartless pushing and crowding that at times seems inhuman; the race for money-getting is so great that men cannot practice the graces of life; they take time. If a man fall by the way, it is accepted as the natural result of the conditions under which he lived. The things that are not necessities of life, that are simply display, will be found more commonly in New York than in any other city. People with small incomes will have in their homes, on their tables, the things that the possession of far larger incomes alone justifies. People living on small incomes will entertain in a manner that leaves a guest with a conscience in a most uncomfortable frame of mind; who can be happy in the house of a friend whose feast leaves a fear in his heart that the family overcoat has been eaten, or that tea and toast will be the extent of the family *menu* until a balance has been struck with the butcher and baker? Every one living on a small income in New York knows that rent alone is a taskmaster that drives with pitilessness. Here there can be no economy, for air, light, and privacy are the necessities of decent living.

What can be said in defense of a people who impose on themselves burdens that have not one moral argument in their favor? They cannot be defended on the ground of refining influence. A set of plates, no matter how beautiful, that suggest to their owners only the struggle to gain possession, cannot lift the owners to a noble mental elevation. Nothing material is worth having that costs mental rest to buy. Perhaps it is just here that the contrast between the homes of the people of Washington and the people of New York, living on the same income, is seen.

There is in the homes of Washington that peculiar atmosphere that comes from living all over the house; the state apartment known as parlor does not seem to exist. Flowers are in the windows, books that show use are about; baskets that show the preparation for the idly busy minutes of the mistress are sure to be somewhere in sight. An invitation to dinner does not suggest a mortgage on the family life for an indefinite period. It is a dinner fit for a king, and served so that you are unconscious that there is a service, which is the test of mistress and servant in every dining-room; the people brought together are not waiting in a sort of well-bred curiosity for the particular novelty that will mark that special occasion. The purpose of the dinner has been social opportunity, not æsthetic or gastronomical. Flowers, lights, china, and silver meet the necessity of the occasion, but the social occasion is not used as an opportunity for display. A guest is not sent home a mental and physical wreck because weak enough to yield to the useless and undesirable "courses" that make a dinner many times more truly a sacrifice. There is time for social enjoyment in the assembly-room of the home after the dinner. There is time for music, for the lion to growl and to roar for the benefit of those who have been asked to meet him, and who do meet him personally, and exchange more than a smile of recognition.

The newspapers, in noting the social life of Washington, note only the official life. And so we think of it as a city living in stately ceremony. It is distinctively a city of refined homes, where learning, not money, makes the standard of living. Every woman seems to have some interest that does not diminish or divert her interest in her home. She decorates china, she reads a foreign language, she is an amateur photographer, she is a collector of engravings or photographs. The women of Washington, as a whole, know more of National affairs than the women of any other city. The newspapers of the city devote columns of space to the transactions of Congress; the affairs of their city are woven into the National affairs; their very charities are dependent on the temper and disposition of that august body the Senate, and so they are forced to know some things that people in remote regions from the white dome never take the time to notice. Their knowledge, and the comprehension that the women of Washington show, are due partly to the opportunities for companionship with the men of their own families. For the men, outside of the official circles, do have and give time to their families.

The future may develop another Washington. The introduction of wealth from the West may change life here, and cause the social lines to be drawn on the platform of gold.

As it is to-day, it holds more people living on incomes that permit of refined but not extravagant surroundings than any other city in our land. The necessities of our Government compel in some departments the presence of scholars and gentlemen, and birds of a feather, we know, affiliate. Fortunate is the man or woman who gains access to this center, for it gathers to itself the best from all circles.

Extreme wealth or extreme poverty never represent truly any city. Fifth Avenue no more truly represents New York than does Mulberry Street. The condition, financial, mental, and moral, between these extremes represents the true condition of that city. So the descriptions of the social life of Washington with which we are familiar represent only one phase, and that a limited one. There is another Washington, unheralded, but making its impress not only on the city, but influencing life from college, department, institute, its standards marking the homes of those who go from its influence.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

By Eben E. Rexford.

EVERY home ought to have a flower garden, but not all homes are so situated that it is possible to have one. But there are few homes where there may not be flowers through the summer. If you have no yard, and are living in the city, away up, up towards the sky, don't think you are obliged to get along without flowers. You can have a pretty substitute for a real garden, on a small scale of course, in the window-box.

In this paper I shall assume that you have a yard in which to grow flowers.

First, let me tell you about making the beds. Don't try to make them too elaborate in shape. Remember that it isn't the shape of a bed that we enjoy so much as it is the flowers in it. We grow flowers, if we love them, for their beauty, not for the peculiar and striking ways in which they can be arranged. Fancy beds are all well enough in public places and on large grounds, but in a small yard the simpler they are in form the more enjoyable they are. In such beds you admire the flowers for their individual charms; in fancy beds you lose sight of the individuality of the flowers and are pleased by the general effect of masses of color. Therefore, in making beds for the home garden, don't attempt the work of a professional gardener who has all kinds of plants at his disposal with which to fill his beds of peculiar and striking designs.

In fitting up a bed for the reception of seed or plants, be sure to have the soil as mellow as possible. Spade it up to the depth of at least a foot. Break the clods apart. Work them over and over till they crumble. If the soil is not rich, add manure, which should be thoroughly mixed with the original soil. You cannot make the soil for a flower bed too fine and mellow.

As to the location of them: If your yard is quite large, have the taller-growing plants back some distance from the path, and a little way from the house. Fill the beds near the path and close to the house with low-growing plants.

Now as to what kinds to use. I take it for granted that you will depend mostly on annuals, for these cost least. Half a dollar will buy seed enough to fill half a dozen good-sized beds, and it is not well to attempt gardening on too large a scale, for quite often the young gardener who is quite enthusiastic over his work in spring loses some of his enthusiasm when there is a good deal of weed-pulling to do, and the flowers suffer in consequence. Therefore, in making a selection of seeds do not buy more than will give you just about the quantity of flowers you feel sure you will take proper care of all through the season. A neglected flower garden is a sorry sight. Good seed of choice varieties can be bought at five cents a packet. Suppose you have fifty cents to expend in seed. This will get you ten kinds. If you want the best, you can hardly do better than to select the following: Asters, balsams, phlox, petunias, stock, calliopsis, sweet-peas, mignonette, morning-glories, and pansies. All these kinds are good bloomers, healthy, and easily cared for. The morning-glories can be planted by the porch and about the windows, where they can be trained up on strings. The sweet-peas should be given a trellis or a hedge of brush to clamber over. They grow three or four feet high, and therefore should be planted in the background. Asters do not come into bloom till late in the season, therefore it is well to plant them among earlier bloomers, so that there need be no beds without flowers in the earlier part of the season. You can set them between the balsams. These plants are quite tender, and the first frost kills them, but the aster is hardy enough to stand cool fall weather, and after the balsams have been killed they will have the beds all to themselves. The balsams will furnish the bed with summer flowers, and the asters, which are growing while the others are blooming, will take their places later on. Calliopsis grows to the height of about two feet, petunias about eighteen inches. Phlox and mignonette stand about a foot high, while the pansies are low-growing things. The catalogues will give you the height of most plants, and you can arrange them accordingly, in case you select other kinds than those named in this article.

In sowing seed, have the soil smooth on the surface of the bed. Fine seed, like that of the petunia, should be covered very lightly. It is a good plan to sift on the covering. Larger seeds should be covered a little more, but a quarter of an inch is deep enough for the largest. After covering, take a board and press the soil down firmly. This makes it close without making it hard and compact enough to interfere with germination, and helps it to retain moisture, which is necessary to the first stages of plant growth. Do not be in too great a hurry to sow seed. The ground should be warm before you do this. If sown while the soil is cold and wet, many kinds will rot. You gain nothing whatever by sowing too early, and you

may lose a good deal. Later-sown plants get the start of those which are planted before the soil is well warmed.

About the time the flower seeds germinate, weeds will begin to appear. Don't allow them to grow a day after you are able to distinguish the flower from the weed. Keep every weed from growing. Unless you do this you cannot expect to have good flowers, and you want good flowers if you have any. Keep the soil stirred among the plants, to admit moisture and air. If the season happens to be a dry one, it will be necessary to water your plants daily. Do this at night, so that the roots of the plants can drink in the water before the sun comes out to evaporate it. Don't apply with a sprinkler. Water given in this way merely moistens the surface. What you want to do is to give enough water to penetrate the soil about the roots; therefore take off the sprinkler and apply from the spout of the watering-pot. Remove all dead leaves and faded flowers, for neatness adds much to the beauty of a flower bed. Cut off the flowers as soon as they begin to fade, and prevent the formation of seed, and other flowers will be produced all through the season. If allowed to form seed, you will have but few flowers after the first crop.

A NEEDED STOCK COMPANY.

WE live in an age of inventions, not only in mechanics, but in social life. No sooner is a want discovered than the genius appears who meets the want, and the specially endowed genius creates the want by his invention. One of the creations of recent years that meets a want is the Visitors' Bureau of New York, located at 11 West Eighteenth Street. The Visitors' Bureau is a stockholding association that is best explained by calling it a woman's club specially conducted for out-of-town people, but offering all its advantages to a non-stockholding public at reasonable rates. There are hundreds of women living in small towns and villages and on farms throughout the country who have the means, but not the courage, to visit New York. They know no one in this wilderness of houses; they are intelligent enough to know that the strangeness of the surroundings here would bewilder them; that they could not see the city without a guide; and so they miss a means of pleasure and education that would help make years of their lives less monotonous, not because of poverty in purse, but in available knowledge; even if they had the courage to come, perfect strangers, they would not know where to turn for shelter. The Ladies' Guide and Visitors' Bureau offers the opportunity for which such women have waited. Rooms will be furnished, strangers met at the station, and guides furnished at any time they are asked for. To women living near New York, and who maintain a certain social intercourse in the city, the Bureau offers peculiar opportunities. Rooms can be hired for the purpose of changing toilets, meeting dressmakers, etc. Holding stock gives, naturally, more of a sense of right, and less of the merely commercial relation that is inseparable from the purely business exchange. There is a restaurant in connection with the building. That is one more attraction. Circulars and information will be furnished on application.

FROM THE DAY'S MAIL.

Editor Christian Union:

In your issue of February 12 I find an article headed "A New Crusade." Will you permit a mere man to add a few words? I represent a large manufacturing house in this city, and my work compels me to make from six to ten or more trips up and down town daily in the horse-cars of several lines, so that I may be allowed to claim a pretty thorough knowledge of this sort of travel. Women, as a rule, are a weariness to the flesh, when viewed from a conductor's standpoint. His employers insist upon his taking his car over the route within a certain time; he is held responsible for the safety of his passengers; he must keep a sharp look-out for people who want to get on or off his car, and, under all circumstances, he is expected to be as polite and alert as possible. Day after day I see women hail cars from the wrong corner, and, after the car has been stopped at the proper place, walk slowly and deliberately to it, with an expression of face far from amiable. The conductor is not to blame; a city ordinance requires that all cars shall stop at the farther crossing—that is, a car going up own must stop at the upper side of the cross street; this is ordered to prevent the obstruction of cross streets which would inevitably occur if the car were stopped at the lower crossing going up or the upper crossing going down. Most women, too, are so hampered by their clothing, their clinging skirts, and, above all, by their tight sleeves, that they could not, if they would, get upon a car as quickly and as easily as a man can. Conductors soon learn to know this, and, in their anxiety to save time, endeavor to help women up the platform-step. Notice for yourself, the next time you are on a horse-car, how few women get on or off properly. When I say properly, I mean with due regard for their own comfort and others' convenience. An average woman proceeds somewhat as follows: She stands at the curb and hails the car, stops to gather up her skirts at the back, walks out to the car, drops her skirts, stops to pick them up at the front, takes hold of the wrong handle on the car—the one attached to the dashboard, instead of the one on the body of the car, because her sleeves are so tight she cannot well reach up to that one—and then, with a sidelong lurch, because her shoes and corsets are too snug to permit a free upward step, she mounts the platform; the conductor, who knows he is losing time, rings the bell; the woman, who is leisurely entering the door, staggers backward and bangs her elbows on the door-frame or steps on the conductor's toes. Do you think he is to blame if he puts out his hand to prevent this backward stagger, which he has learned to look for well-nigh every time a woman enters his car?

The woman then, if there are no seats vacant in the car, usually leans against the door-frame with a calm and placid disregard for the annoyance and discomfort she must inflict upon herself and others as they are compelled to crowd past her. She does not go forward into the body of the car, where she could be much more comfortable, because she must have something to lean against; her sleeves, her shoes, her pocketbook, and bundle-burdened hands all prevent her reaching a strap by which she might steady herself, or standing firmly and squarely on her feet without the strap's support. If women would dress as they should, if they would wear sensible clothing, permitting free play of joints and muscles, if they would wear pockets in which to put purses, card cases, and handkerchiefs, if they would learn to adapt themselves to their surroundings and not go on expecting things to be adapted to their ideas, this would be a brighter and happier world in very many ways.

The charges of rudeness from men are, I admit, not altogether unfounded on fact, but a woman can always put that down by a little tact, as instanced by the story of the girl in the Fifth Avenue stage. The thoughtless rudeness of women in public vehicles is, however, a thing impossible to rebuke. For instance, I have given up my seat many times when I was tired and aching from head to foot, only to see the women in the seats calmly spread out when one of their number left the car, while I was left to stand. The old-time chivalry of our grandfathers was based on the indoor home life, where women were yielded to and looked after, until the sex has become, unconsciously in many instances, selfish and thoughtless of others; but our modern out-door business life demands that women who enter into it should *do to others as they would be done by*. It is a necessity of the times, and if your crusaders will "organize on that basis" life will be so much more worth the living for many a weary man and woman.

Seriously yours, etc.,
PAX.

Editor Christian Union:

I have just finished reading the article in Number 7 entitled "A New Crusade." The first idea that came to me was the reflection that I may sometimes have made myself personally offensive by voluntary offers of assistance. I never suspected I was in any such danger. I have traveled considerable, and very seldom have I seen a lady get on or off a car, if unattended by a gentleman, but seemed to need assistance to make their ascent or descent safe. Almost invariably women traveling alone have from one to four large bundles. These incumbrances and their trailing, ample skirts invariably and intuitively demand my assistance. I freely admit my service gives me a pleasure, and it has always seemed that ladies take a similar pleasure from gentlemanly offers of assistance. I thank the lady for speaking so plainly, and shall hereafter be on the watch lest I may offend her or others of a similar nature by too officious an offer of assistance. It seems to me the pleasures of travel might be enhanced and the fatigues greatly lessened if passengers treated each other more courteously, and took more pains instead of less to assist and amuse each other. I have often known ladies to enter a car and walk the whole length of car, passing a dozen or more seats with but one person with one or more bundles, and not one offer a seat or seem to care whether she gets one or not. I have gone to some very important-looking man or over-dressed lady and asked them to remove their baggage and give the lady a seat. The most unpleasant part is yet to be told. My experience has been that ladies very seldom acknowledge my favors by so much as a faint thanks or a slight bow. It seems to me if ladies do not desire little courtesies and assistance from men, they should equip themselves so they do not *seem* to need them. "A word to the wise is sufficient." I hope women as well as men will learn something by "the new crusade," and take some hints from this short letter.

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Dear Christian Union:

Can any one tell me how to remove stains from iron water pipes (iron rust) from marble basins?

MRS. D. L. F.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SHAKESPEARE.

BY BLANCHE WILDER BELLAMY.

IN the presence of our third friend among the English poets, Chaucer and Spenser, our earlier friends are like courtiers before royalty; great themselves, they stand aside in the presence of Shakespeare with "the bays which crowned him Poet first," then "Poets' King." Chaucer had been dead one hundred and sixty-four years, and Spenser was a boy at the Merchant Taylors' School, when, in 1564 this "king" was born, not, like them, in the great, hurrying, growing city of London, but on the quiet banks of the Avon, at Stratford, the Street-of-the-ford, in Warwickshire, the great his-

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

toric heart of England. When the parish register was brought out and some scribe wrote in it "Baptism, 1564 April 26th, Gulielmus Filius, Johannes Shakespeare," no one dreamed that he was recording the christening of a king.

This baby was only the child of a burgess of the town, a wool dealer, prosperous indeed and having "landes and tenements of good worth and substance," but of importance only among his neighbors. This John Shakespeare, a sturdy Saxon yeoman, had married a gentlewoman, Mary Arden—young, gently born and bred, an heiress, descendant of a great Warwickshire family, but not herself of noble rank; yet their son, by the supreme right of genius, was to reign for centuries king over the great realm of English literature. While he was a boy his father prospered and became Mayor of Stratford, or, in the language of the day, "Baylyffe of this Borowghe of Stratford and Liberties thereof," though he could not write his own name; but before very long misfortunes overtook him and he lost his money and his offices.

Meanwhile his little son had been growing up, going to Edward the Sixth's "Kings New School of Stratford-upon-Avon;" wandering about the woods of Arden north of the river, or the green fields to the south, and learning his love of nature from her face; playing pranks with the boys of the town; deer-stealing in Charlecote Park (for he was "much given to all unluckinesse in stealing venison and rabbits"); finding his way across the fields to the hamlet of Shottery and there marrying Anne Hathaway when he was only eighteen years old; studying perhaps for a time in a lawyer's office, and at length, a few years later, leaving his wife and three little children, his father and mother and friends, and going up to seek his fortune in the city of London. Some people say he went away to escape punishment for the deer-stealing; others that the deer-stealing and the school-going and the law-studying and the stories of his boyhood are legends, and that we know only that he went away, probably to earn money to take care of his family and to help his father. At all events he did go, he did gain a fortune, and with it "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

In six years the Warwickshire boy of twenty-two who came up to London penniless was a prosperous and even a famous man.

In eleven years he bought "New Place," the largest and finest house in the town of Stratford, for his home. In sixteen years he bought more lands and tithes in Stratford. In twenty-five years he came home to live there, and there in thirty

years, probably on his birthday, certainly on the 23d of April, 1616, he died. There he was buried, and there, to-day, any boy or girl who goes to this great shrine will see in the chancel of the church, sunk into the wall, the bust, made by Gerard Johnson, a few years after Shakespeare's death, with the inscription:

Judicio pylum, genio Socratem, Arte Maronem.
Terre tegit, populus mœrett, Olympus habet.
Stay passenger, why goest thov by so fast?
Read if thov canst, whome envious death hath plast
Within this Monvment; Shakespeare with whome
Quicke natvre dide, whose name doth decke ye Tombe
Far more than cost, sith all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt
Obiit Ano Dñi 1616
Ætatis 53. Die 23 Apr."

A flat stone in the floor a little away from the wall covers the grave, and has these famous lines which have kept it untouched for nearly three centuries:

GOOD FREND FOR IESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOASED HEARE.
BLESE BE ye MAN yt SPARES THES STONES
AND CVRST BE HE yt MOVES MY BONES.

But how did the unknown boy from Stratford become what Victor Hugo calls "the chief glory of England"? When he came up to London it was not to find, like Chaucer and Spenser, a welcome at Court and offices and honors to meet him. He came to join a company of actors, who at that time were thought of little account, and who have been called, among other not very flattering names, "The Caterpillars of the Commonwealth." These actors had just begun to have a theater of their own in London, which, rude as it was, open to the sky and with none of the stage dressings that we have now, was a great improvement on their old plan of strolling about the country under the protection of some nobleman, playing in inn-yards on scaffolds built in the open air.

At first, so the story goes, Shakespeare only held the horses outside the door for the gentlemen who came "riding into the fieldes, plays to behold," but soon he began to act for himself, probably in some very humble way. Soon, again, he was not only acting, but rewriting old plays to be acted by the company. Then at last he began to write his own wonderful plays, and England had found her great dramatic poet.

For four hundred years before Shakespeare there had been plays in England—stories from the Bible called Mysteries or Miracle Plays, acted upon platforms drawn about the streets; allegories, called Moralities, in which the virtues and vices, like Gluttony, Good-Deeds, Temperance, etc., took the place of real people; and then interludes—short farces, meant to be played in the intervals of a banquet. But suddenly, like a splendid flower upon a rough stem, what is called the "Elizabethan Drama" blossomed out, and the English stage became glorious and famous.

Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, and Webster, and a score of others, were soon busily at work, but Shakespeare's place is far above them all. The young Earl of Southampton came to know and admire him, and Shakespeare dedicated his "Venus and Adonis," which he called the first heir of his invention, to him. So, with good friends about him; soon owning shares in the Black Friars Theater and the Globe Theater and growing to be rich and prosperous; seeing his plays performed before Queen Elizabeth, with Burbadge, the great actor, in their leading parts, while he himself played in some of the minor ones; taking part in the triumphal procession of King James the First from London Tower to Westminster; going down often to his home at Stratford; writing, acting, working, he spent the twenty-five brilliant, stirring years of his London life, and then, in ease and honor, went back for five quiet yet still busy years at Stratford, with his wife and daughters and sons in-law, and his one little grandchild, Elizabeth.

In the thirty years from 1586 to 1616 Shakespeare wrote three poems—"Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece," and the "Passionate Pilgrim"—one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and thirty-seven dramas, and these are the titles which he gained: From Spenser, "The man whom nature self had made to mock herself and truth to imitate." From Ben Jonson, "Soul of the age, the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage;" "Sweet swan of Avon;" "Thou starre of poets;" "Not of an age, but for all time." From Otway, "The happiest poet of his time, and best." From Milton, "Dear son of Memory, great Heir of Fame," and "Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child." From Dryden, "The divine Shakespeare." From Lamb, "Our sweetest Shakespeare." From Coleridge, "The thousand-souled Shakespeare;" and from Victor Hugo, "Shakespeare, the chief glory of England."

Douglas Jerrold, the witty Englishman, says about critics of Shakespeare, "They are like people who write with diamonds upon glass, and only obscure the light," and certainly, although many hundreds of books have been written on Shakespeare, nothing can teach us about him as he does himself. We must read the great tragedies, "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear;" the great histories, "King John," "Henry V.," "Richard III.," and the third part of "Henry VI.," thought to be his first play; the great comedies, "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Tempest," said to be his last play, and then perhaps we may stop and read something about these plays. One book, however, all young people ought to own, and that is Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." It is a classic in itself, and lets us into the secret of the plots and tells us the story of the plays in such a charming way as to make us only more anxious to read them. In the preface of this book, Lamb says it is his wish that "the plays may prove enrichers of the fancy; strengtheners of virtue; a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts; a lesson of all sweet and honorable thoughts and actions to teach us courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity, for of examples teaching these virtues Shakespeare's pages are full."

No one could sum up better what a real love of Shakespeare can do. When we try to select from all his great treasures some one portion to learn by heart, we remember that another great writer, Emerson, says, "Shakespeare is *made up* of important passages; like Damascus steel, made up of old nails." Since, then, we can hardly choose anything not worth learning, let us decide upon the advice of old Polonius to his young son Laertes, on going away from home, in the tragedy of "Hamlet," and the song of the spirit Ariel, in the comedy of "The Tempest:"

I.

"Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for: there, my blessing with you!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!"

II.

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

A WHITE PETUNIA.

IN TWO PARTS.—I.

By Alice L. Anderson.

THE O'Hara family lived in the basement of a big wooden tenement block, in that part of the city generally known as "The Patch." This particular block was considered very elegant as a place of residence, because it had along its front a number of little, inclosed yards, each containing about five square feet, alternating with the flights of steps which led up to the first-floor front doors. Once these yards had been used as pounds for the safe-keeping of the innumerable babies of the block, but the pressure had been so great that the pickets had given way and allowed the babies to overflow into the street, after which the yards were mostly given up to peppergrass and jimsonweed.

On a certain morning in August, the yard into which the window of the O'Haras' basement room opened contained, besides the sand and weeds, the small, frowsy-headed damsel known as Maggie O'Hara—something else, too, which she had just discovered, and which caused her to exclaim:

"Oo—ee!"

"Saints presarve us! Is the choild kilt intirely?" asked Granny O'Hara, filling her pipe as calmly as if being "kilt" were a matter of every-day occurrence.

"Whativer's the matther wid yez, inyway?" asked Biddy O'Hara, pausing in her rub-a-dub at the washtub.

"Come 'ere, mammy! come quick," called Maggie, excitedly.

"As if I'd be afther lavin' me washin' fer the likes of yez," grumbled Biddy; but she went, nevertheless, climbing on a chair to bring her head on a level with the window.

"Shure, it's but a weed," she said.

"'Tain't a weed. It's a flower," said Maggie, indignantly.

"A flower, is it? Shure, it's roight ye are. It's a white paychunia," replied Biddy.

"Ain't it l-lofely?" said Maggie, with adoring gaze.

"Lofely it is. What'll ye be afther doin' wid it?"

"I'm goin' to kape it here to smell 'n' look at," replied Maggie.

"Teddy O'Brien or some o' thim b'ys 'll be afther grabbin' it," suggested Biddy.

"No, they won't. I'll grab *them*," cried Maggie, doubling up her small fists threateningly.

"Shure, it's the quarest choild that iver was borned," chuckled Granny, admiringly.

Maggie's queerness took the form of an adoration of the white petunia. It was her first thought in the morning and her last at night. She sat beside it in the sand for hours at a time, gazing deep down into its white-throated blossoms, whispering to it, touching it reverently with the tips of her fingers.

"Faith, an' I belave the choild says her prayers to the flower," said Daddy Mike one day.

"An' what harm if she do?" said Biddy. "It's little enough the choild has fer her comfort, wid her daddy droonk half the toime, an' unly me washin' to put bread in our mouths."

"But, shure, I don't mane to get droonk," protested Mike, meekly.

"Whisht wid yer not manin' it! Ye do it the same," retorted the severe Biddy. "An' its breakin' her heart the choild is intirely ivery toime ye come home droonk, becase, she says, whin he's himself he's the foinest daddy in the wur-rld."

Mike was much impressed.

"Bless the darlint," he cried. "Shure, Biddy, how can a lad help gittin' droonk wid very joy whin he's daddy to such a choild as our Maggie, let alone bein' husband to such a foine woman as Biddy O'Hara?"

"Be aff wid yer blarney," said Biddy, drowning an unwilling smile in her washtub.

One night there was a shower, and when Maggie went to give her morning greeting to her beloved petunia, to her great delight she found its leaves clean and wet and sparkling in the sunshine. But the hot sun dried up the moisture, passing teams raised clouds of dust, and before noon the leaves of the petunia were as thickly covered as before. Maggie viewed it with a grieved face. Then she brought water and a cloth and carefully washed off every speck of dust, wiping each leaf as tenderly as if it had been a baby.

"Whativer's the choild afther doin' *now?*" queried Granny.

"I'm washin' my white paychunia," replied Maggie, soberly.

"Washin', is it? Shure, if it's washin' ye are, ye moight give yer face a bit of a wash biffore ye stop," suggested Granny.

"Why, is it dirty?" asked Maggie in surprise.

"Faith, ixcept for the two bright eyes of yez, ye cudn't tell it from the dirt itsilf, it's that dirty," averred Granny.

Maggie surveyed herself in one corner of the looking-glass, the remainder of which had been missing since Mike's last spree.

"'Tis dirty," she said, with conviction, and forthwith she proceeded by diligent scrubbing to remove several layers of vegetable and mineral matter, beneath which was found a skin so white and clear

that her second look in the glass showed her a face with which she hardly felt acquainted.

Then she cast a critical eye over her attire, and made a new discovery.

"My apron's dirty too," she answered. "You wash it, mammy."

"Be aff wid yez! It's mesilf that wants no more washin' at all, at all," declared Biddy.

"Then I'll wash it mesilf," persisted Maggie.

"There's a bright un for yez," cackled Granny, shaking all over with mirth.

Biddy grumbled as usual, and as usual yielded. She even found time to iron after washing, and when Mike came home to dinner he was greeted by the spectacle of his daughter arrayed in a much-starched apron, with a demeanor to correspond.

"Shure, what foine leddy is this?" he cried, doffing his hat in mock courtesy. "An' will she be willin' to give me a kiss, I wonder!"

"Go 'way! you ain't clean," said Maggie, drawing back from his embrace.

Mike cast a humorous glance downward at his overalls, which had long since departed from their original color, and said, dolefully:

"No more I be. Whativer 'll I do?"

"Wash 'em," replied Maggie, concisely.

"It's mesilf that's no hand at the washin'. I'm thinkin' I'll get Miss Maggie O'Hara to do it fer me. An', shure, I'm no worse 'n yer mammy 'n' yer granny."

Maggie surveyed the dress of her relatives with critical eye.

"Ye're all dirty," she declared.

"True fer yez," said Biddy, her eyesight clearing in the atmosphere surrounding the clean apron. "Mike, I'll be afther washin' thim overalls to-night. They'll dry the whiles we're slapin'."

"Great doin's!" chuckled Granny from her corner. "Ye might give me gown a soak the whiles ye're in the washin' business, Biddy."

It was surely a contagion of cleanliness which had attacked the O'Hara family. Biddy's zeal so outran her first intentions that, after washing Mike's overalls and Granny's gown, she took off her own dress, and, clad in the garments of night, scrubbed away vigorously until long after Mike was snoring peacefully on his pillow. With the first break of dawn she was up to heat her irons, and when the others awoke, their clean, starched garments lay beside their beds.

"Shure, it's mighty foine we are," said Mike, as he drew on his overalls, now restored to something like their pristine color. "The b'ys won't know me as I go paradin' along the strate, an' if I mate his Honor the Mayor, I ixpect he'll be afther sayin, 'Misther O Hara, the top o' the marnin' to yez, an' will ye get in an' tek a little ride wid me this foine marnin'?' An' will ye give me a kiss now, darlint?"

Coming home one day, sober as it happened, Mike was instantly taken possession of by Maggie with the announcement:

"Daddy, I want five cents."

"An' what fer should ye be afther wantin' five cents, I'd loike to know?" asked Mike, good-naturedly.

"I want to buy a flower pot. Mammy says there's goin' to be frosts, an' my paychunia'll have to be brung in or it'll freeze up an' die-e," replied Maggie, with shocked emphasis on the last word.

"Die, is it? An' sorra I am that me pocket is impty intirely. Spint the last cint fer some praties fer yer supper. An', shure, ain't the praties better 'n a flower pot, darlint?"

"No, I'd rather have the flower pot," replied Maggie, decidedly.

"Hear the choild!" chuckled Granny in her corner.

"I'll tell ye, daddy," said Maggie, inspired by a sudden idea. "We'll ate the praties now you've got 'em, 'n' then to-morrer you work some more 'n' buy me a flower pot."

"Hooray! there's a bright un fer yez," laughed Mike, catching her up in his arms and tossing her up to the ceiling. "Say, Biddy," insinuatingly, "don't ye think she takes afther her daddy?"

"It's mesilf that hopes not—whin he gets droonk," said Biddy, severely.

Mike looked sheepish.

One more year! How much that implies. On the dial of time less than forty of these measure the average human life. But "Eternity" is not so measured. And its joys and sorrows are determined by these few years—yet "we spend our years as a tale that is told."—[Briggs.

QUEER CRADLES.

I SUPPOSE since the beginning of time babies have always had cradles. We do not know just what kind of cradle Eve invented for Cain and Abel, but there is no doubt she invented some special kind of cradle or bed for her darlings, and no doubt she decorated it to meet her idea of beauty.

In every home, whether it be a wigwam, a hut, a tent, a brick house, or a palace, a baby finds a special place prepared for it, and in nearly all homes the place is made as pretty as the skill and money of the household will allow. Among the Indians of America, both North and South, the baby's cradle becomes its house by night and day, its carriage when traveling. Professor O. T. Wilson, of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D. C., has written a monograph on cradles that is intensely interesting.[1] He says that these cradles are made, first, as a nest for the tiny baby; second, as a bed in which the baby can sleep in either a vertical or a horizontal position; third, it is a vehicle of transportation, and that all these purposes modify the form of construction. Some of the cradles are really rock-a-by cradles; they swing in the trees, swayed by the wind, with the birds singing the lullabies. And these cradles are the playhouse and baby jumper. So you see that for the Indian baby the cradle becomes a very important feature in its life. When we think of the Indians we do not think of them as loving but as fighting; but when we see the cradles these Indian mothers make for their babies, beautiful cradles of beadwork and embroidery, we know that these mothers love. The Indian baby must be kept quiet for hours at a time studying the beautiful colors, the bright spots, of his queer house. No idea of the beauty of these cradles could be given unless the colors could be reproduced. Some of them resemble scoops, some shells not unlike scallop shells, some like enormous moccasins. Over some of the cradles are queer little projections or hoods. We give pictures of some of these cradles. Take this first baby swung in its queer hooded cradle on its mother's back. Bound in so tightly that it cannot move its legs, it peers out under the hood with a face as full of mischief as though it were held tenderly in its mother's arms. And then see this little chap bound in a cradle that looks like the stern of a boat. He does not seem to feel that he is bound.

BABY'S BEAUTY CRADLE.

RESTING AGAINST A TREE.

Then we have the picture of a cradle of one of the Mexican tribes. It does not look very comfortable, yet the baby is happy in it, for it is the only position he knows. You notice that the pillow is a number of reeds bound with a rough cushion of cloth at either end to hold the baby's head. Moss is laid on the flags or reeds, and then covered with a cotton cloth. This is one of the cradles that is hung in the trees, for this baby's mother goes hunting with his father. I wonder if it is this baby that gave us the lullaby—

"By, baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a-hunting."

BABY TRAVELING.

Here we have the baby in his cradle, and the mother not only makes preparation for the baby's comfort, but she wishes to make him beautiful. So she arranges all that uncomfortable-looking mass above his head to flatten the forehead. A round-headed baby would really be a great mortification to her, so she puts her baby's head into a contrivance that will make it a beautiful shape. It is the same idea that makes the Chinese mother put her baby girl's feet into tight bandages to prevent their growing. What a privation it is, or would be if they knew the beauty of it, never to see their babies playing with their toes, or to see the queer, comical looks as they discover they have fingers—for these little babies' hands are bound tightly down by their sides, and some of them are quite big before they are set at liberty. I wonder if it is this early binding that makes the Indian so quiet. Miss Alice Fletcher says she "never saw Indian boys fight among themselves."

PAPA'S GONE A-HUNTING.

It would take the whole Christian Union to tell what might be told about Indian cradles. What would you think of a turtle shell for a cradle! or one that looks like a decorated boat, and all made of wood, or one of reeds finely woven with an umbrella of the same over the top, or one of skins like a bag? Yet all those kinds of cradles are used. Perhaps you have noticed that these cradles have no rockers. The rockers of the Indian baby cradles are the mother's feet, or the wind as it blows through the tree on which the baby's cradle is hung.

[1] *Cradles of the American Aborigines.* Report National Museum, 1886-87, Washington, D. C.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THE TRANSIENT AND THE PERMANENT.[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT D.D.

"For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.

"But the word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."—1 Pet. i., 24, 25.

THE transitoriness of human life has been the theme of the poet and the philosopher from the very earliest ages. Nothing abides. Life goes on in a kind of endless cycle. The sun rises, runs its course, sets again; the stars and moon come up and go back again, fading out before the re-rising of the sun. So day succeeds night and night succeeds day. So seasons follow one another in an endless cycle: the spring with its prophecy, the summer with its measurable fulfillment, the autumn with its ripeness, the winter with its death and shroud, and then resurrection and spring again. As in nature, so in human experience. Generation after generation comes upon the stage—and all the world's a stage, and men and women only players, with their exits and their entrances. Life repeats itself over and over and over again: the child with its innocent delight, the youth with his high expectations, man with his battle of life, old age with its gray hairs and its trembling limbs, with life behind it and death and decay a-coming. Nations come on the stage as individuals come, to live out their little life and fall into their perpetual grave. Literatures rising reveal a life throbbing in men's hearts; then the book closes that other books may be opened, and the same life and death is repeated again in other languages, in other forms, through other expressions.

I will not quote from pagan literature, but from one Biblical writer who gives expression to this aspect of the transitoriness of life which has so often been expressed in pagan as well as in Biblical literature: "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever. The sun also riseth, and the sun goeth down. . . . There is nothing new under the sun."

The Hebrew writer saw all this—saw it as plainly as the Buddhistic philosophy, as plainly as the great Persian poet as plainly as some of the writers of Greece and Rome have seen it—but he saw more. "Yes," he said, "the grass withereth, and the flower faileth, and all things are transient, and all the world's a stage, and men and women only players; nevertheless, the Word of God endureth forever." Look at life on the surface, and it is a mere transitory show, a mere phantasmagoria, a mere succession of shadowy shapes passing across the screen in this magic lantern managed by a master hand. But look further! beneath the phantasmagoria there is a reality, there is a substance that casts these shadows; there is an eternal that is manifest in this transient.

The Word of God does not mean the Bible. I doubt whether the phrase, "the Word of God," as used in the Bible, ever means the Bible. It certainly could not mean it here, for the Bible was not finished—the New Testament had no existence—when this text was written. At best it could only mean the Old Testament. When Christ says, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away," he does not mean the words, for they have passed away—and to-day we do not know whether he spoke in Greek or Aramaic or Hebrew; but that which was expressed by the words, that of which the words were the symbol, that has been permanent. When he says, "The words that I speak unto you, they are life," he does not mean those hieroglyphics which we look at on a printed page. They are not life. You may commit them to memory and recite them, and there is no more life than if you had not committed them to memory. The life lies back of the word. When he says, "Man lives not by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God," he does not mean sentences, as though there were a syntax and a grammar of the Almighty.

What he means is that man lives by God's manifestation of himself to man. So, when Peter says, "The grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but the word of God abideth forever," what he declares is, Behind all this transitoriness of life, behind all this phantasmagoria, there is a real, a perpetual, an eternal manifestation of the divine. A writer teaching an infant school writes on the blackboard the letters l-o-v-e and then erases them. Has she banished love out of the world? You do not put love on a blackboard; you put something that suggests love, kindles love, quickens love. The word goes, love stays.

Let us, then, look a little this morning at the transitory and the permanent in life.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth." All this material world that we live in is but a shadow. Its life, though counted by a million ages, compared with the eternal is but like the life of an insect that lives but for a moment in the sunlight—here to-day, gone to-morrow. The river flows from its source to the sea; the water that was there yesterday is not there to-day. Through almost endless days the granite mountain is disintegrated and washed down into the plain, and the mountain that once was there shall not be there in a few centuries more. Nay, the blazing worlds are but like sparks struck out from the hot iron by the blacksmith's arm on the anvil, glowing for an instant, then fading and disappearing. Jonah's gourd springs up in a night and disappears in a day, and the great trees of California grow through uncounted years, adding layer to layer, until they become a magnificent forest, and then nature comes, as if she would make them still more permanent, and turns them to beautiful agate; but in a little while they too will be gone, their life only like the life of Jonah's gourd. Is there, then, nothing real in nature? nothing permanent? nothing enduring? The apple falls from the bough; you pick it and eat it; or the earth picks it and eats it, rotting it and turning it to decay. But the power that drew the apple from the bough, that remains eternally the same. The blazing sun which yesterday the telescope saw far off in the horizon, to-day it cannot discover, because it has flashed up in one great conflagration and disappeared; but the power that holds the blazing suns and planets all in their orbits, this law that we call the law of gravitation, that remains unchanged throughout the eternal ages. Temporary! Why, since long before the memory of man began, long before even the imagination of man can fathom, this great sidereal clock which God Almighty hangs in the universe has been keeping time, and throughout myriads of centuries keeping time, without so much as the failure of a second, because there is an eternal unity in nature, an eternal reality behind all transitory things. The Hebrew psalmist stands awe-struck before them, and cries out, "There is no voice nor speech, their language is not heard, nevertheless day uttereth speech to day, and night to night showeth wisdom." The sun takes up the story which the moon lays down; the moon repeats the story which the sun forgot to tell, and throughout all these cycling ages, all these ages of night and day, season following season, there is one eternal story of the presence of the Divine, the Infinite, the Eternal, the Unchangeable. And the English philosopher, with colder blood and calmer head, watching these same cycling phenomena, reaches the same conclusion, and in his old age, standing awe-struck and worshiping before this magnificent panorama of perpetual sameness and perpetual change, withering grass and falling flower, decaying leaf and transitory worlds, still cries out, "Amid all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, this is certain, that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed."

How all human handiwork perishes! Architecture, art, music—they pass on our stage and off from it; repeating to-day what the old ages repeated; living for a moment, then disappearing. It has often seemed to me that there would be more pain than pleasure in a visit to the old, old world. "Rome," says Taine, "is a tomb." I do not think I want to visit a tomb. I have wondered sometimes how I should feel if I were to stand on that hill where Paul stood, and look off upon the scene on which he looked, all radiant with the glory of the sun flashing from a thousand steeples and domes; but where I should see only dismantled temples and broken statues and miserable hovels. Or to stand in Palestine on the broad platform of rock where that great temple once stood, where now "not one stone is left upon another." Or by the shores of that sea of Gennesaret where once six cities on a coast line of thirteen miles vied with each other in industry, where now is but a dismantled land and a decaying population. I think it would be very sad, for it would bring home to the heart the truth that all beauty and all human handiwork is like the grass of the field and the flower of the field—made to wither and to perish. Schools of artists and architects come and go, speaking their different languages. Musicians come and go with their strains of music, pleasing us for a little while and then departing. Nay, the very voices of music and art and architecture change. Handel crowds out Bach; Beethoven, Handel; Wagner, Beethoven. Napoleon found an artist once painting a picture, and asked him, "Who are you painting that for?" And he, drawing himself up proudly, replied, "I am painting it for immortality, sire." "How long will your canvas last?" asked the Emperor. "It has been skillfully prepared; it will last at least a thousand years." Napoleon shrugged his shoulders: "Now we see what an artist's idea of immortality is." And yet—and yet—is there no permanence? The statue which I saw yesterday at Tiffany's, said to be twenty-five hundred years old, disentombed and brought from Greece, stirs the same emotions of pleasure and quickens the heart with the same inspiration that it quickened in old Greece twenty-five hundred years ago. This symphony of Beethoven which to-morrow, perhaps, will be played in your own music hall, speaks the same divine language that it spoke when Beethoven himself wielded the wand and directed the instruments. Each artist, each musician, has its own word to utter, and utters it; but when they are all put together they spell the one great word—beauty; and beauty means God. For, as all the stars and the sun and the earth, the grass and the flowers, are all ministers and teachers so that, standing before them, the great philosopher says, "Behold the Infinite and the Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," so there is not a product of genius, not a skillful hand with brush, not a divine note of music in organ or in symphony, that does not also tell us of a divine beauty that all are uttering, and which no one man can adequately, because it is so sublime, so transcendent.

But the institutions of man will seem to us at first as though they were of longer life and stronger somehow than man's artistic work. The institution survives the generation which creates it. Human governments, human organizations, these are the fabric of human society; the sculptor or the artist does but put the fringe upon the garment. And yet, if we look at history, we see that these also are perpetually coming and passing away. Who has not sometimes, standing on Brooklyn Bridge and looking off on the forests of masts, or upon the fleets sailing back and forth upon the river, or at the great warehouses upon one side and the homes beautiful and happy upon the other—who has not sometimes called up in his imagination the picture of Ephesus or Athens or Corinth, where great ships once rode at anchor, whose old-time harbor is now a great morass? Who has not wondered whether the time may not come in some far future age when men shall come and look on the ruins of this great bridge and the ruins of this great city and the harbor filled up with its own filth, and will regret it as we regret the forgotten splendors of Mexico or of Central America? Decay is on all men's institutions. Persia, Babylon, Greece, Rome, Venice, Spain, all lived out their life as we are living ours, and all fell into their decay, their senility, and their grave. Are we to follow them? I do not know. But this I know: that behind all these institutions, behind all these governments and laws, there is an eternal law manifested and revealed. I know not how long this republic shall endure; but I know this, that behind all kingdoms and republics, in them and by them, is manifested the eternal kingdom of God; nay, the very governments that set themselves against that kingdom to break down and destroy it are speaking, whether they will or they will not, the word that endureth forever. "Tell me what lessons you have to teach us, O you nations of the past!" And Babylon lifts up her voice, and says, "I have to teach you this: that any nation that puts its foot on the neck of prostrate humanity seals its death warrant and hastens to its own doom." And Greece says, "I have this to tell you: that no art, no philosophy, no culture, can save from death the nation that is immoral." And Rome says, "I have this to tell you: that no power of law will make a nation safe and strong if there be corruption eating out the heart of it." And Venice says, "I have this to say to you: that no nation is rich, though its fleets sail all seas, if it be poor in manhood." And Spain says, "I have this to say to you: that pride for the nation, as for the individual, cometh before a fall." And

[1] Preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, February 22, 1891. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

then I wonder, as I look upon my own dear native land, whether she will learn these lessons writ so large in all the history of the past. Whether we are to illustrate by our own stupendous and awful ruin that, though a nation have power and culture and wealth and law and pride, it perishes without a God; or whether we shall rather teach this: that a nation whose kings are uncrowned kings, and who beckons from far across the sea the ignorant, the unlearned, and the incompetent is strong and enduring, because it has enshrined God in its heart and has founded itself on that judgment and that justice which are the foundations of his throne. What the history of the future shall have for our dear land, who can tell? But whether this Nation is born to teach a lesson by its folly or its wisdom, by its fidelity or by its infidelity, back of all these transitory and decaying nations stands writ the truth of Him who in national life is speaking, and whose word endureth forever.

So what we *call* religion comes and goes. Our forms of worship, our methods of service, our temples—these, after a little life, decay and disappear. Our creeds, our theologies, our opinions, our religious movements spring up, and we say, "Behold, God is here." No! it is only some one voice speaking for God. John the Baptist dies, but God is not dead. Christ is crucified, but God is not dead. Paul is buried, but God is not dead. Primitive Christianity comes holding its cross aloft, and all followers of that cross think, Now surely the kingdom has come and will immediately appear; but the cross drops from the hands that are too weak to carry it, and Christianity wrestling with paganism is half converted to paganism. Luther brings religion anew upon the world, and it seems as though the Reformation were going to redeem all Europe, but it reaches a fixed line and halts and stops. Wesleyanism, with like new life, runs its course, then simply repeats itself to other ages; it has no new message

But with all these words the world is spelling out the word of God—in the Roman Catholic Church, the great unity of God's kingdom; in the Reformed churches, the great liberty wherewith Christ has made us free; in Calvinism, the divine sovereignty that is over us all; in Wesleyanism, the liberty that beats in every human breast; in Puritanism, the sacredness and sanctity of law, and—God grant it—in this modern time the glory and the divinity of love. Creeds disappear and churches vanish, but faith in God, and the hope of the world's redemption, and the love that binds men together in a bond of perfectness—that is eternal. The light that lighteth every man grows brighter and richer and stronger through all the centuries, until its consummation shall come.

Some of us last week saw the funeral procession as it bore the remains of the great General, the last of the greatest generals of our war, toward the resting-place where the ashes are to be interred; and some of us, as we look back through the years, feel almost a heartache at times to think how the glory of that through which we lived, and of which perhaps we had a little part and share, has already faded out. We cannot easily realize that the young men of this congregation scarcely know what Sherman's great march to the sea was. We who remember with what strange and commingled feeling of dread and exultation we read the news that he had broken away from his base of supplies for that march to the sea, we who remember the patience with which we waited anxiously the news whether he had arrived at the point of his destination or been swept out of existence by the besom of destruction—it is hardly possible for us to understand that there are men here to-day to whom this great march to the sea is not distant enough to be history and not near enough to be present fact. Yesterday it was Sherman, day before yesterday Grant, the day before that Lincoln, the day before that Jackson, the day before that Washington, carried to their graves. Is the glory over? The flower is faded—is there no life? The grass has withered—is there no reality? Oh! let us learn this lesson from this last week, that the glory of war is not in the war, not in the battlefield, not in the unsheathing of flashing sword; the glory of war—and there is a glory of war—is self-denial, sacrifice, heroism, patience, courage, the spirit that bears and does and suffers, the glory that is in many a father's heart and mother's heart to-day, a glory that was as great in many a private as in the general, a glory which may be in your humble life as in his more exalted and public life, a glory that endures as long as the human race endures, for God is God and we are his children, and all these evanescent flashes of glory are but the scintillations of his own nature showing themselves in humanity.

Yesterday a friend took an opal and pressed it in his palm and held it there for a few moments, and then took it out and showed it to me, and it was all flashing with light and with color from the heart of it. So God takes you and me, poor stones with no light or life in us, and he holds us in his palm, and he presses us to his heart, and then takes us, as it were, away from him for the moment, and out from us there flash patience and courage and hope and love which his heart and his warmth have put into us. They will die and be forgotten, but the great hand that holds and the great heart that presses and the great soul that inspires will not die and will not be forgotten. The grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but the word of our God endureth forever.

THE STORY OF JONAH.[1]

By Lyman Abbott, D.D.

IF we met with the story of Jonah in any other book but the Bible, we should not for a moment regard it as history. From beginning to end it would seem to us to bear the marks of an unhistorical legend or allegory. The sound sleep of the prophet through the storm, the appeal of the sailors to him for information, the generous offer of self-sacrifice, their equally generous endeavor to avoid sacrificing him, the sudden cessation of the storm, the preternatural fish (in the early Christian paintings always represented as a vast sea dragon), the miraculous escape from an imprisonment equally miraculous, the psalm composed in the belly of the fish, the gigantic proportions of Nineveh and its unparalleled repentance—from the king on the throne to the peasant in the street—at the preaching of the stranger, and the universal fast and subsequent deliverance—all combine to constitute the features of a poem or drama which the imagination has either constructed or filled out, rather than the incidents of history, unless indeed it be of history in a time utterly unlike our own, and governed by no laws or by laws quite different from ours.

Is there any reason, then, why we should regard this story as literal history rather than as an apologue founded on history—a supposition to which Dean Stanley says the books of Job and Tobit strongly lead? There are two reasons which seem to have led interpreters to endeavor to treat it as history: one, the fact that it is among the inspired books; the other, that it is referred to by Christ in the oft-quoted passage: "For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." As to the first consideration, it seems to me to rest upon a narrow and untenable conception of inspiration. Why should we think that the Spirit of God, which inspired the architectural genius of Bezaleel and the musical and poetical genius of David, and spoke in the beautiful fictions which our Lord created for moral instruction, should not have inspired the imagination to write such a monodrama as Job, or such an idyl as the Song of Songs, or such a chapter of imaginative confessional literature as Ecclesiastes, or such a fable or apologue as in other literature we should deem the story of Jonah to be? I can well understand why the Puritans, who condemned all fiction, should be shocked at the idea that the Bible could contain fiction; but surely we have learned that fiction, drama, fable, poetry, are all media for the conveyance of moral instruction, and why should we doubt that inspiration may use them for this purpose? The inspiration of the Book of Jonah is seen, not in the conformity of the narrative to fact, nor in the marvels which it recounts, but in the moral lessons which the poem conveys.

Christ's reference to Jonah did formerly seem to me to involve his indorsement of the historical character of the book. But it does not now so seem to me. A preacher's reference "as Ulysses sailed between Scylla and Charybdis" would not indicate his opinion that the story of Ulysses was historical. As inspiration may use imagination to convey a moral lesson, so the Divine Teacher may well have used literature to illustrate one.[2]

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for April 19, 1891. —Jonah i., 1–17.

[2] It is noticeable that only in Matthew is the reference to the whale or big fish, and also that the Son of man was not, on any possible computation, three days and three nights in the earth; which has led to the not unnatural supposition that this particular verse (Matt. xii., 40) is an addition by some monkish copyist.

I conclude, then, that the story of Jonah is an apologue, probably founded on history, but with how much of real history in it, it is now impossible to tell. The naturalistic explanation—as that Jonah was put ashore and stopped in an inn with the sign of a whale, or that he was put off in a *dag*, a barge or small boat, and remained in the hold of this barge and so was washed ashore—we dismiss with a smile at the ingenuity of critics, expended with so much labor and such insignificant results. Nor am I sure that the moral lesson of the story is not more apt to be covered up by much moralizing than elucidated by it. That moral lies, so far as the chapter now before us is concerned, rather in the simple story itself than in any elaborate deductions therefrom. I would suggest, rather than elaborate them.

Fleeing from duty is not fleeing from the presence of the Lord. By avoiding or evading an obligation we do not escape it; or the Lord who lays that obligation on us.

Great peace in great trouble is not always a conclusive evidence of innocence. Christ slept in the tempest—but so did Jonah.

Be sure your sin will find you out.

When it has found you out, acknowledge your sin and confess your God and return to your allegiance to him—*cost what it may*.

And he will forgive and deliver all those that thus put their trust in him.

Whether we regard this as a story, an apologue, a fable, or think it to be a history of events which in our time could not occur, the moral lesson remains the same. It may be added in a sentence that the great deliverance can hardly be classified with the Biblical miracles, for they are signs of a Divine Message and Messenger, and this is not. It is no sign to the seamen, who know nothing of it; nor to Nineveh, who know it, if at all, only by the mouth of Jonah; it is a sign only to Jonah, who needs no sign, since he already acknowledges the Lord as his God.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

One man pins me to the wall, while with another I walk among stars.—[Emerson.

We read often that Christ treated the multitudes "with compassion." We are too prone to indignation or denunciation, or both, and so miss the way to help them.—[Rev. A. Norris.

Science tells us there has been a survival of the fittest. Doubtless this is so. So in the future there will be a survival of the fittest. What is it? Wisdom, gentleness, meekness, brotherly kindness, and charity. Over those who have these traits death hath no permanent power.—[H. W. Warren, D.D.

Holiness and happiness are twin sisters. We may, for the sake of explanation, speak of one as older and as introducing the other; but really they are born at the same time, and grow side by side. Blessed are the undefiled in the way, or, in other words, "happy are the holy who walk in the law of the Lord."—[Francis C. Monfort, D.D.

Father, we thank thee that amid the joys of the flesh, amid the delights of our daily work, and all the sweet and silent blessedness of mortal friendship and love upon the earth, thou givest us the joy of knowing thee, the still and calm delight of lying low in thy hand, and feeling the breath of thy Spirit upon us. Yea, Lord, we thank thee that thou holdest each one of us, yea, all of thy children, and the universe itself, as a mother folds her baby to her bosom, and blessest us all with thine infinite loving kindness and thy tender mercy.—[Joseph Roux.

God looks for such piety in his people as shall be like a pillar—stable, reliable, and capable of bearing pressure from without. He wants a piety that shall stand firmly amid the hurricanes of adversity—that shall resist the pressure of an unruly mob of doubts—that shall bear the weight of innumerable cares—and that shall pass unscathed through the most crucial tests supplied by skeptical and sarcastic onlookers. But on the top of the pillar must be lily work. The beauty of the Lord must be upon us. Everything unlovable, repulsive, defective, and inconsistent must be eschewed. Beauty must be blended with strength.—[Dr. Hitchens.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Methodists and the Woman Question.

All the Methodist Conferences at their sessions this spring or next fall will have for their chief subject of discussion the proposition to admit women as delegates to the General Conference as well as to the lesser conferences. It will be remembered that the popular vote in the churches resulted in a victory for the women by a majority of about 100,000, in a total vote of about 450,000. For the measure to be adopted, however, it requires a three-fourths vote in the local conferences and a two-thirds vote in the next General Conference (Omaha, May, 1892). The New York East Conference, in session last week in Patchogue, L. I., Bishop Foss presiding, voted on this question 152 to 56 adversely to the measure; the discussion was not prolonged or very spirited. The New York Conference, in session in Yonkers, Bishop Fitzgerald presiding, discussed the question vigorously for two or three days, and up to Tuesday morning had not reached a vote. An observant attendant at the debates in both conferences remarked that the force of the argument appeared to be with those sustaining the proposed change, but the majority of votes and the most earnest interest lay with the other side. The strongest argument urged against the measure appeared to be the fact that the vote of the laity was very small in proportion to the membership of the churches, and it was averred with considerable show of reason that if the women themselves were earnestly in favor of its adoption they would have secured a larger vote in the churches—especially as they themselves had there the privilege of voting on the question. It was also urged that the Methodist Church now gives women many and important opportunities of activity both in philanthropic and church work. On the other side, one of the best arguments was made by the Rev. W. G. Browning, who said, among other things:

"I remember an old deacon in Hudson away back in the days when women were not permitted to take any part in our formal church exercises. The deacon used to say: 'The sisters ought to take part, I say. Yes, I know what St. Paul said about the sisters keeping in the background, but I am alive now, and I differ from the old gentleman.' That was a brave saying then, before we had, as we now have, women as class leaders, superintendents of Sunday-schools, and reserve delegates to Electoral Conferences. It is said that the Scripture is against our side. Yet I read in the Scripture that God made man in his own image, male and female created he them, and that he called them Adam. Man was not made until Eve was made. Then there's the argument about Paul. If Paul lived now he would write to the Church of to-day, not the church at Ephesus. Finally, remember that it was to Mary that Jesus first appeared after the resurrection to bid her carry the good news to the brethren."

The East German Conference, in session in Baltimore last week, voted 41 to 1 against admitting women as delegates to the General Conference.

....

The Churches and the Masses.

What can the churches do for the poor? This is the question that is constantly being reiterated with a continually increasing earnestness and directness. Dr. Rainsford asks it in the current number of the "Forum," and his reply contains some very plain speaking. In the development of self-help, self-respect, and self-dependence, in fighting, not with individuals, but with causes, in improving the tenement-house and competing with the saloon to gain the attention and interest of the vicious, lies, says Dr. Rainsford, the hope of Christian work in the crowded cities. He adds: "The rector of the wealthiest Protestant church in the world, in a letter to the New York 'Herald' of November 30, 1890, over his own signature, says:

"'The Church was not founded with the direct view to moral culture, class elevation, etc. I have no confidence in the judgment or wisdom of those who tell us that the Church must try to reach the masses, purify politics, elevate the laboring classes.'

No wonder, when leaders take such a position, that the masses turn from them with bitter impatience, and often turn, too, from the Church in whose name they so mistakenly speak. When it is proposed to collect and expend money for a church edifice that shall embody American Christianity more fitly than any other, the collective wisdom of the Church in New York proposes to place it—the new cathedral—where it will be practically inaccessible to the very poor. Surely it does not need any great penetration to see that two or three large free churches, built on cleared spaces, on east and west down-town sites, always open to the public, provided with real preachers, and having each a large kindergarten, a swimming bath, and a gymnasium, as important parts of its outfit—that these, adequately supported and endowed, would be a recognition of our past and present ignorance and neglect, and a step, nay, a stride, in the right direction. Near these churches a band of unmarried clergy and picked lay workers should live, undertaking duty for a stated time, perhaps; and under their control all these accessories of civilization could be placed. This plan would cost money, but it would do more to right the Church in the eyes of the working people, it would more immediately affect the life of the metropolis, it would do more to sweeten and purify the bitter springs at which the poor must drink, than the building of ten cathedrals would ever do."

....

Dr. Talmage's New Tabernacle.

A sketch of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle is printed below, which will give our readers a pretty good idea of the outward appearance of the largest Protestant church in this country. It is to be dedicated before long with interesting and varied exercises. This is the third church which has been built for Dr. Talmage in Brooklyn, each being of necessity much larger than its predecessor. Twice fire has destroyed the edifices built especially for this congregation. October 13, 1889, was the date of the destruction of the Schermerhorn Street structure, which seated 3,000, and had the largest organ then in the country. The new church occupies an entire block in Greene Avenue, between Waverley and Clinton Avenues, is 100 feet long by 150 feet deep, and has a Sunday-school room attached which measures 100 by 50 feet and will hold 2,500. The church itself will seat 5,000 persons. The architecture is a mediæval Gothic, the distinctive feature being the great tower and spire at the corner of the building. When completed this will be 160 feet high. The building is constructed of red mottled brick trimmed with red sandstone. The exterior is ornate, and there is considerable carved stone work. There are two great entrances in the base of the tower, and between these, within a cluster of pillars, is the corner-stone, bearing the name of the church in rustic letters, and the date, 1890, when it was laid. In the wall of the Sunday-school room is the corner-stone of the preceding building. It has the inscription: "Brooklyn Tabernacle. Built 1870. Destroyed by fire, 22d December, 1872. Rebuilt 1873." The cost of the new building will be about $350,000.

THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.
(From the New York "Tribune.")

....

Idols Abandoned.

Mr. Mackay writes from Formosa to the Canadian Presbyterian Society, with which he is connected, of an extraordinary turning from idols on the part of the people of Ka-le-oan, a village, or rather a congeries of villages, recently visited by him. A native assistant had commenced work in that district, but Mr. Mackay had been hindered from going there, though he had had the matter in mind for a dozen years. On his recent visit he found many of the people having a clear idea of Gospel truth, while all of them were wearied of idol-worship. But they told the missionary that the military mandarin had declared that they must keep up their idol-worship or else become rebels against Chinese authority. Mr. Mackay visited the official, who "wished him peace," and gave permission to the people to do as they liked. A council was at once held by the people, which turned out to be boisterous; but on Mr. Mackay's entering the assembly and inquiring if it were because of difference of opinion, he was informed that the people were unanimous, and that they were only giving vent to their indignation for having served idols so long. They then handed over for Christian service an idol temple which they had built at a cost of $2,000. The next day was a joyous one. Led by the head men of the place, parties went from village to village gathering up idols, incense sticks, and all the paraphernalia of idolatry, and made a great bonfire of them all. The temple, now a Christian church, was opened, and the people poured in, singing with great gladness the 100th Psalm. The three main facts in the case Mr. Mackay states thus: (1) Nearly 500 idolaters cleaned their houses of idols in our presence. (2) They declared themselves anxious to worship the Lord, the Redeemer. (3) They gave a temple built for idols as a house of worship for the living and true God.

....

The Weak Brother as a Bully.

A good many people, points out Dr. Marvin R. Vincent in a recent utterance, are included in the list of weak brethren who do not belong there. "They are people who, so far from being weak, have sharp conceptions and very positive convictions of duty; who insist on forcing their convictions upon the practical acceptance of others, and who claim the right of the weak brother to extort from them concessions of individual liberty, so as to make their conduct square with their own ideas. Under these circumstances the 'weak brother' writes himself down as a crank, a fraud, and a bully. He changes Paul's generous concession into imperious demand. He says to his brother: 'Your meat does not please me, therefore you must not eat.'" And he instances as cases where the weak brother has arrogantly demanded that his tastes be not offended, that of a saintly, sweet woman who was reproved by a "pillaress" of the church for wearing kid gloves; that of a religious journal which within a year printed a diatribe against ministers who wear beards, and the fact that he was himself recently kindly but solemnly admonished that he was impairing his influence as a minister by wearing "gold"—the precious metal alluded to being a plain gold ring placed on his finger thirty-five years ago by his wife. And these examples might be multiplied. Possibly our friends who object to instrumental music in church, or those who forbid church members to vote because the name of God is not in the Constitution, might find an opportunity to apply the thought. All these exactions are *not* urged to hold up the weak brother who stumbleth, but to satisfy and give self-complacency to the very strong brother who, in the slang of the day, "knows it all." And, to quote Dr. Vincent once more: "It does not take long for a few trifles of this kind to aggregate themselves into a social and religious tyranny which is as irrational as it is despotic. These things are not matters of wounding weak consciences. They have little or nothing to do with conscience. They are individual religious crotchets, used by certain conceited and self-assertive men, and by certain meddlesome women, as vantage points from which to thrust a hand into their neighbor's business, and to indulge their desire to manage and rule. They have no claims to tender dealing. They constitute a religious bullyism, which may easily become intolerable."

"HOLD THE FORT."

Two correspondents, one in Ohio and one in New Hampshire, recently asked The Christian Union for the origin of the famous hymn in the equally famous "Moody and Sankey" collection, of which the refrain is "Hold the fort, for I am coming." We referred our correspondents' questions to Mr. Sankey, who has sent us the following interesting letter on the subject:

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Your letter of inquiry as to the origin of the hymn "Hold the Fort" was duly received. The following newspaper clipping contains the facts in regard to the matter so far as I have been able to ascertain them:

"When Sherman was holding Atlanta, and stripping his army for his famous 'march to the sea,' Hood's army was suddenly thrown on Altoona Pass, which was defended by a fort commanded by General Corse. The position was nearly, or quite, fifty miles from the headquarters of Sherman, and its vital importance was known in both armies and to its gallant commander. When the enemy (General Johnston) approached, General Corse made up his mind that the position must be held at all costs, and he told the men that there would

be no 'retreat nor surrender. Kenesaw Mountain overlooked the pass, and on the summit was a signal station; and after General Corse had sent a message informing Sherman of the attack, and his purpose of making a desperate defense, he addressed himself to the work at hand with a vigor which will always be the theme of song and story. The attack began early in the morning, and the heavy masses of the Confederate troops were pushed with great determination close up to the works, and at one time entered a small redoubt, but were driven back at every assault. About ten o'clock at night, as one who 'was there' well remembers, the signal station flag gave a message which was not clearly distinguished because of the heavy smoke which hung over our lines, but in a few moments the assault slackened a little, and as the smoke blew away the message was read, 'Hold the fort; we are coming.' The message was repeated to all the regimental commanders, and was read in every battery, and it was received everywhere with great cheers. It was the only message received that day, but Sherman ordered it repeated from time to time during the day, and whenever the immediate duty would permit, or the smoke would allow the flag to be seen, every eye was turned to the white flag, with its crimson square standing out boldly in relief against the clear sky, and it always said, 'Hold the fort; we are coming.' It was from this event that the burden of Sankey's religious song was taken, which has been sung in all the great religious meetings wherever the English language is spoken. General Corse got a severe wound, and the losses in his command were heavy, but in the afternoon the losses of the enemy were so great that the assault was discontinued."

Five years after the close of the war Major D. W. Whittle made use of this incident in an address delivered before a Sunday-school convention in Illinois. Bliss was leading the singing. The relation of the story and the manner in which it was used by the speaker made a deep impression upon Mr. Bliss, who at once composed the words of the famous song, and on returning to his home in Chicago wrote out the music, and a short time afterward it was published and given to the world. This was in May, 1870, "Twenty years ago." A few weeks before the death of Mr. Bliss, in talking with him about his popular songs, he remarked to me that he hoped that he was not to be remembered in the future only as the author of "Hold the Fort," as he thought that he had written many songs much better than that one; but before many months had rolled away, on a monument at Rome, Pa., erected by some of his friends, were cut these words, among others:

PHILIP PAUL BLISS,
AUTHOR OF
Hold the Fort.

This was one of the first songs used by me to rouse the people of England when Mr. Moody and I went there in 1873. It stirred the whole country, and soon was sung all over Great Britain. An indication of the hold this and other American songs made upon the people may be seen in the case of the two actors who came on the stage in one of the largest theaters in England and attempted to caricature Mr. Moody and myself, when the galleries struck up "Hold the Fort," and kept on singing the piece until the actors had to withdraw from the stage. On their reappearing, with the purpose of continuing the performance, the song was again started, and continued until that part of the entertainment was given up. I have been informed that the cabling of this incident to this country at the time it took place turned the attention of our countrymen more thoroughly to our work across the sea than all the reports previously sent over in relation to the movement over there. Yours truly,

IRA D. SANKEY.

A FRIEND OF WESLEY.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Your issue of March 26 states that "a gentleman in Cincinnati believes that he is the only person in this country who has shaken a hand that shook the hand of the great Wesley."

The Rev. James Wilson, pastor of the Beneficent Congregational Church in Providence, R. I., from 1793 to 1839, was trained for the ministry by John Wesley, and rode a circuit with him in Ireland. There are scores of people living in Providence, and some probably elsewhere, who have shaken the hand of James Wilson. If the Cincinnati brother will come to Providence we will introduce him to some of those who share his reverence for the great founder of Methodism, and boast of a worthy connecting link.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. JAMES G. VOSE.

DEATH OF DR. SPEAR.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Spear, of the editorial staff of the "Independent," and a well-known Presbyterian clergyman, died suddenly on Wednesday of last week at his home in Brooklyn, at the age of seventy-nine. Dr. Spear was ordained to the ministry in 1835, and his first pastorate was in the Second Presbyterian Church of Lansingburg, N. Y. In 1843 he went to Brooklyn, and became pastor of the old South Presbyterian Church in Clinton Street. He served this church for twenty-seven years, and ranked among the ablest Presbyterian ministers in the city. In 1870 he resigned to become a member of the editorial staff of the "Independent," and devoted the rest of his life mainly to writing, preaching only occasionally.

Dr. Spear was the author of several books, including "Bible Heroes," "Church and State," and "The Federal Judiciary," and he published many sermons and review articles besides his unsigned editorial work. He was a vigorous writer, and had a special reputation as an authority upon ecclesiastical law. In the trial of Dr. Talmage before the Brooklyn Presbytery upon charges growing out of the severance of his relations with the "Christian at Work," Dr. Spear was the chief counsel for the defendant.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

—A joint meeting of the Ministers' Associations of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Reformed Churches of this city and vicinity was held in the Collegiate Church on Monday of last week. The general subject for discussion was: "The Undeveloped Forces of the Church." This was considered under three heads: "Christianity a Life, Not a Creed," "Wealth a Stewardship, Not a Possession," and "The Church our Force, Not our Field." The principal speakers were the Rev. Drs. C. M. Giffen, Henry Van Dyke, Roderick Terry, C. L. Thompson, and Carlos Martyn. At the end of the discussion a resolution was read expressing the sorrow of those present at the death of Dr. Crosby, and referring to the valuable work Dr. Crosby had done in both religious and civic affairs.

—Six students of Yale University have arranged to do mission work in New York City during the coming summer.

—The Society of Friends of the United Kingdom say, in their last report, that they have 15,500 members, and that their annual death rate is incomparably low—about 16 5-10 per 1,000.

—Dr. Herbert Welsh and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew were the principal speakers before the Baptist Social Union of this city last week. The topic discussed was the Indian question. Mr. Welsh described the conditions and causes which led to the recent Indian outbreak, and found the root of the difficulty in the spoils system, which still prevailed in the Indian service. He emphasized the need for putting the Indian Bureau under the Civil Service rules, and said President Harrison and General Morgan were both anxious to do this. Mr. Depew said that the present system of dealing with the Indians had come to us from the two methods practiced by the Puritans and by the Dutch. The Puritan method was to steal the Indians' land and shoot them if they objected and tried to recover it, and the Dutch method was to buy Manhattan Island of them for $24, and then take the money away from them for fear they would spend it in drink. Then, when the Indians comprehended the situation, and fought against it in their own way, the whole world was horrified at the atrocities of savage warfare. Hard work, education, and Christian influences were the true factors in the solution of the Indian problem.

—Dr. George F. Pentecost, who went to India last fall on an evangelistic mission, took Mr. and Mrs. George C. Stebbins to lead the singing. After laboring a few weeks in Calcutta among the Europeans, it was decided to turn to the educated natives, and the singers left Dr. Pentecost and accompanied Bishop Thoburn in a visit through the country, traveling several thousand miles and singing in all the principal cities of the Empire. They planned to sail for home on February 28, and will stop in Egypt, Palestine, Italy, Germany, and England, reaching home by midsummer.

—A proposal for the creation of a Baptist theological college either at Oxford or Cambridge is being mooted, but as yet no definite step has been taken. It appears that the original endowment of Mansfield College, Oxford, while not excluding Baptists, or, in fact, any ministers of the Free Church from utilizing its advantages, prevents them from receiving its scholarships, it being a *sine qua non* that they must, like the principals and professors, be Congregationalists. It is not unlikely, seeing that a strong feeling exists in favor of the union of the two bodies, that an inquiry will be instituted with a view to removing any existing disability.—[London Correspondence Manchester Guardian.

—While Congregationalists are planning for a great International Council in London with 300 delegates, Methodists are looking forward to a similar gathering of 500 representatives of their denomination in Washington next October. This is to be the second Methodist Ecumenical Conference, the first one having been held in London ten years ago. The Eastern Hemisphere is to send 200 delegates, and the other 300 will represent North and South America. The Conference is to continue twelve days. There is a Committee on Public Worship, who will arrange for the ministers from abroad to preach in prominent pulpits at points distant from Washington as well as in that city, so that the eloquence and power of the Methodist Church of the whole world will make its impression on this country. The coming season, it is already evident, is to be memorable for notable gatherings of various denominations of the Christian Church.—[Congregationalist.

—A faithful missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in Georgia, who has just completed his tenth year of service, writes as follows: "A little over ten years ago I wrote my first letter as missionary of the American Sunday-School Union. I have had peculiar trials and some dark days, also many days of joy and sunshine. In reviewing the work of these ten years I am greatly pleased with the results. The Lord's guiding hand has been over me. Among the fruits already seen are thirty-one churches grown out of this work, a record far exceeding my highest expectations; but they are there, wielding an influence in spreading the Gospel with results which eternity alone will reveal. Here are the facts: 359 new Sunday-schools organized, with 15,483 members; 157 schools aided, first time; 1,231 schools receiving aid the second time; 2,222 Bibles, 2,598 Testaments, and $5,244 worth of books and papers distributed; 916 sermons and 4,817 addresses delivered; 4,258 family visits made; and 50,645 miles traveled. The thirty-one churches contain 1,500 members, over 900 of them converted in our Union schools. About 80 per cent. of my Sunday-schools prove to be permanent. J. R. F."

—According to Dr. W. H. Roberts, American statistical secretary of the Presbyterian Alliance, the Presbyterian and Reformed denominations throughout the world have 20,265,500 adherents.

—The 150th anniversary of the Wilbraham (Mass.) Congregational church will be celebrated June 24. A new church manual has lately been issued which contains the names of all the members of the society since its foundation. There were only eight members then.

—The Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford, of the Congregational church of Montclair, N. J., has received the high honor of being invited by Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford University, England, to preach the sermon on Commencement Sunday. It will be the closing sermon in the Nonconformist course of the University.

—The Chicago Congregational Club has entered its protest against the permission said to have been given by the Government to Buffalo Bill to add to his Wild West show the Sioux Indians now held as prisoners of war at Fort Sheridan. The resolutions offered by General C. H. Howard, and adopted unanimously, spoke of such treatment of these prisoners of war as a travesty of justice, as demoralizing to the Indians' sense of justice, and debasing to character; utterly opposed to the judgment of our missionaries, and repugnant to the instincts of the Christian people of the country.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—C. I. Taylor has become pastor of the church in Clio, Mich.

—J. B. Clark, at present an assistant of Dr. Storrs, has received a call from the Lee Avenue Church in Brooklyn, N. Y.

—W. F. Berger accepts a call to Moravia, N. Y.

—I. W. Metcalf was installed as pastor of the Houghton Avenue Church of Cleveland, O., on March 18.

—E. G. French, of the Oberlin Seminary, accepts a call to the Second Church of Terre Haute, Ind.

—F. E. Hopkins, of New Canaan, Conn., has received a call to the First Church of Dubuque, Ia.

—F. E. Dalzell has received a call from the First Church of Mansfield, Conn.

—George H. Young, of the New South Church of Boston, Mass., has resigned on account of ill health.

—William Slade, of West Newberry, Mass., has received a call from the First Church of Williamstown.

—C. E. Williams, of Longton, Kan., has resigned.

—William Bullock was ordained and installed as pastor of the church in Mulliken, Mich., on March 11.

—W. O. Weeden accepts a call to Upper Montclair, N. J.

—G. A. Tewksbury, of Plymouth Church, Seattle, Wis., has resigned.

—E. A. Robinson was installed as pastor of the church in Wollaston, Mass., on March 26.

—Alexander Lewis, assistant pastor of Pilgrim Church of New York City, has received a call from the congregation of the New England Church in South Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—A. C. Townsend has received a call to Westhampton, Mass.

—Edward Bradley, of Stockbridge, Mass., has received a call to South Britain, Conn.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—A. B. Brown (Congregational) accepts a call to the church in Bellingham Bay, Wash.

—J. G. Snedecor accepts a call to the Avondale Church, Birmingham, Ala.

—F. A. M. Brown has become pastor of the First Church in New Haven, Conn.

—D. A. A. Herron was lately installed as the pastor of the Glendale Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—J. D. Moffat has been chosen pastor of the newly organized Third Church of Washington, Pa.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—John W. Phillips, rector of Grace Church (P. E.), Washington, D. C., died last week, at the age of seventy.

—Henry Wilson, for several years an assistant at St. George's Church (P. E.), New York City, has resigned and will devote himself to city mission work.

—John B. Campbell, for over fifty years an Episcopal clergyman, died at Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 21, at the age of seventy-six.

—E. H. Porter, rector of St. Paul's Church (P. E.), Pawtucket, R. I., has resigned and accepts the rectorship of Emanuel Church, Newport, R. I.

—S. T. Graham has been elected rector of St. Paul's Church (P. E.), Norwalk, Conn.

—John E. Cookman, D.D., formerly a Methodist minister, but who two years ago entered the Episcopal Church, died in this city on March 29.

—R. H. Hatfield, D.D., a well-known Methodist divine of Evanston, Ill., died on March 1.

—John Rossell, who had had charge of several Methodist churches in Brooklyn and its suburbs, died last week in Brooklyn, at the age of seventy-one.

Books and Authors.

PALFREY'S HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND.[1]

The late Dr. Palfrey died without quite finishing his great work, though the fifth volume, bringing the history down to the period of the revolution, was substantially completed at his death It is this volume which is now published, his son having seen it through the press and printing it almost exactly as his father left it in manuscript. It does not compare favorably with the earlier volumes. Either Dr. Palfrey was tired of his work, or he found the period before the Revolution less attractive and interesting than the century and a half which preceded it. Probably both causes have had their influence upon the work. Another point is to be remembered, and that is, that he was then far advanced in years and could not feel the same interest in his history which he had when he began it in middle life. Dr. Palfrey had a different idea of history it elf, and how it should be written, from that which now prevails. He made it dignified and severe and circumstantial. He did not find his way to the heart of events and color them with the thoughts and feelings of the people. He relied more upon documents than upon facts as they are interpreted by the popular mind, and one gets a very limited idea from this final volume of the intense feeling, both political and religious, which preceded the American Revolution. Not that everything is left out, but it does not come up to the full presentation of the subject. Even Mr. Bancroft gives us a more lively story. Then it is to be noted that the ecclesiastical movements in New England, which had a great deal to do in hastening our independence of Great Britain, receive almost no attention at all. Dr Palfrey gives no insight into the movement to obtain a bishop for New England, the fear of which, says John Adams, did more than any other single cause to move the Puritans to separate from the mother country. The more one studies this work, the less he is satisfied with it. It is still the most important single history of the period, but so many monographs have been written since it was begun, and so much more is known about special events or movements, that the formal narrative seems tame and weak as compared with the intensity of feeling which is known to have prevailed in New England at the middle and onwards of the eighteenth century.

While we thus find considerable fault with Dr. Palfrey's work—and we could easily find a great deal more—it would be ungracious not to recognize its merits. Dr Palfrey had not a legal mind, and could not quite understand the importance of the fundamental ideas which controlled New England before the Revolution, but within his limitations he surveyed the political field with a certain impartiality, and furnishes a good general outline of the state of Great Britain and of New England from the year 1740 to the Revolution. There is little opportunity in his conception of what belongs to his work to paint portraits or emphasize religious and secular movements or follow the course of ideas. Dr. Palfrey is profoundly impressed with the machinery of government, and confines his narrative mainly to those who run the machine. In this respect one obtains from his concluding volume a very good outline history of the whole period, and it is possible to study this work, with a large amount of illustrative reading, to great advantage. It is a clear and authoritative statement, and is fortified by quotations and references at every point. A writer like Dr Francis Parkman would have told the same story with plenty of color and in a more engaging style. But Dr. Palfrey had little taste for color, and evidently lacked in the power to see things from the point of view of the imagination. To him a fact was a fact, and his great aim was to put his facts together so compactly and plainly that no one could mistake his meaning. These are his substantial merits, and while they do not make his work popular, they certainly give it a trustworthy character as far as it goes. The general reader will find an excellent statement of the religious condition at the middle of the century in Dr. Palfrey's chapter on "The Great Awakening." Even here there is no attempt at portraiture, but Edwards and Whitefield and Chauncy stand out in strong colors as the ecclesiastical leaders of the day, and their work is faithfully indicated. In other parts of the volume one finds limited recognition of the side-play of social life upon graver events, but for the most part Dr. Palfrey is too much engaged with the march of events to turn aside for pictures of society.

Our impression from reading this work is that, while Dr. Palfrey's history may not for a long time be superseded, it does not stand in the way of, but rather compels, the rewriting of the history of New England by one who takes wider views of the whole period. We want to know more about our New England ancestors and the growth of opinions and ideas among them Dr. Palfrey mainly follows the trend of religious and political life. There are many points on which we consult his history for information without obtaining it, and these neglected features are the secret springs or controlling influences which determine public action. What we want is a work which contains all that Dr. Palfrey gives us and combines with it the social and economic history of New England as Mr. Weeden has given it, and the following of the trend of ideas which has been well set forth by Mr. John Fiske in his "Beginnings of New England." We do not know of any single writer, unless it be Judge Chamberlain, who is competent to give us all that the present age demands in the history of New England. He has the facts at his fingers' ends, and has gone to the sources of information, so that, unless he attempted to make an exhaustive history, which would consume a vast amount of time in verifying authorities, he could quickly and accurately give us the history of New England which is now demanded; and our convictions on this point are greatly increased from the fact that, since the concluding volume of Dr. Palfrey's work has been published, he has shown, in his review of it in a contemporary journal, that he is keenly alive to the new reading of this history which it is now possible for a broad minded and intelligent American to undertake. If he should devote his well earned leisure to a comprehensive history of the growths of New England in the last three centuries, leaving out the story of English religious and political movements, which takes too much room in Dr. Palfrey's work, and confine himself strictly to the real essentials of the narrative and the bringing out of political and religious and social conditions as we now know they existed, he could produce a volume which would be of priceless value to future generations. It is this history of New England of which we stand greatly in need.

[1] *The History of New England.* By John Gorman Palfrey. The Fifth Volume. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4.)

A PLEA FOR LIBERTY.[1]

The title of this book is a misnomer. It should read, A Plea for Independence. Independence and liberty are often confounded, but are very different. Liberty is an end infinitely desirable in itself; independence is a means desirable when it tends toward liberty, undesirable when it tends toward servitude. The Socialist is a Socialist because he believes that independence tends toward servitude and that Socialism will afford liberty Whether he is right or not, and, if in any respect right, to what extent, are among the most important questions in the political and social science of to-day. Whether Liberty and Socialism are antagonistic is one of the chief questions of our time; that Independence and Socialism are opposites is not by any one to be questioned.

This book represents exactly the opposite pole of thought from that represented by the "Fabian Essays," recently reviewed in our columns. That would have the State owner of all implements of industry, director of all industrial operations; the most radical essays in this volume would leave the State little or nothing; would relegate the postal business to individual enterprise, and would prepare for the time when even police protection would be afforded by private corporations The one would get rid of all competition and force all society in one great combination; the other regards combination as a menace to modern civilization, and unlimited competition its salvation. Between these two extremists is a body of men, who constitute the vast majority of the unthinking, and we are inclined to believe also a majority of philosophic minds, who hold that in society there must be room for both competition and combination, and that, as the solar universe is kept in order by the counteraction of centrifugal and centripetal forces, so society, by the balance and adjustment of these two social forces, is skillfully kept in equipoise.

These essays are of very unequal value. Some of them, for example that on "The Evils of State Trading as Illustrated by the Post Office," are robbed of all considerable value by their extreme partisanship. The author of this article points out serious defects in the administration of the postal system, but fails to recognize such facts as the great increase in the popular use of the telegraph since it became a government institution, and the large use which has been made of the postal savings bank system, despite the red tape of which he complains. He fails to take any note of the fact that without such a system there are liable to be large sections, as in fact is the case in this country, in which no provision whatever is made by which a laboring man can lay up his savings if he is so inclined. Whatever brings the savings bank close to the people stimulates habits of thrift. Within six weeks of the establishment of a penny savings bank in connection with one of the chapels of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, fifty dollars were deposited by the children, which had before been spent on candy, or worse than wasted in pitching pennies —the street-boys' method of gambling. The same spirit of partisanship characterizes the essay on "State Socialism in the Antipodes." If one reads Sir Charles Dilke's "Problems of Greater Britain," he will imagine that its problems are all in process of early solution in Australia by socialistic methods; if one may trust Mr. Fairfield, Australia is rapidly running in debt, and its immediate future is hopeless bankruptcy. In short, the one writer sees only good, for he looks for nothing but arguments for triumphant democracy; and the other sees nothing but evil, for he searches only for proofs that State interference with individualism sends the State to the dogs. This is neither history nor science.

Much more valuable is George Howells's essay on "Liberty for Labor." He traces the history of interference with individualism from its earliest exhibition in the action of Guilds, to its latest in Factory Acts. He maintains, what the candid student of history cannot well doubt, that legislative intervention was absolutely indispensable to secure liberty. He shows that where individualism has its fullest play, in those industries which are prosecuted at home, the sweating system exists, a system worse in its effects on both health and morals than anything in combined labor in factories; yet he would draw the line substantially at legislation for the protection of women and children; and objects very seriously to legislation endeavoring to determine what shall constitute a labor day, even for government employees. A singularly suggestive essay is that on "The Limits of Liberty," in which Mr. Donnisthorpe ingeniously undertakes to show how the formation of corporations, combinations, and trusts, are all preparative, not for Socialism, that is the assumption of industrial functions by the State, but for Anarchism, that is the assumption of governmental functions by private enterprise.

The two most valuable essays in the book are the introduction, "From Freedom to Bondage," by Herbert Spencer, and the "The True Line of Deliverance," by the Hon. Auberon Herbert. These are valuable because they afford a *quasi* answer from the individualist point of view to the question, often proposed by the Socialist as a "poser," and not often, it must be confessed, answered by the individualist: What remedy for present ills do you propose? Herbert Spencer traces the evolution of society thus far, and argues that the evils are steadily growing less, not greater, while as the evils lessen the sense of them increases and they grow less tolerable; he traces these evils to their root in a selfish human nature, and shows that so long as human nature remains unchanged, these evils will reappear, whatever form of organization society may take on; and he lays emphasis on the necessity for "a long continuance of a social discipline" which gives reward to the industrious, the temperate, and the thrifty, and inflicts penalties on those who practice the opposite vices. Without mentioning either Christ or religion, he takes what is distinctly the ground of the religion of Jesus Christ, that social reform must be based on individual regeneration, and therefore must of necessity be the result of a gradual process. Mr. Herbert's essay is somewhat more specific in its recommendations. This essay is aimed rather at Trades-Unionism as it at present exists than at Socialism: but he proposes to substitute for present Trades-Unionism a better form of industrial combination. He would have every

[1] *A Plea for Liberty: An Argument Against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation.* Consisting of an Introduction by Herbert Spencer and Essays by Various Writers. Edited by Thomas MacKay. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

workingman absolutely free to make what contract for his labor he chooses, at what price he can obtain. But he would have unions formed to keep open the way to employment, to keep workingmen posted as to prices of labor at different points, to facilitate transfer from a glutted to a hungry labor market, to aid them in investments, to act as house-building societies, and to promote industrial education; in short, he would convert them from military organizations, formed for offensive or defensive warfare, into truly industrial orders. This essay should appeal to the best side of workingmen in the hope it holds out before them, namely, "to become, as he is probably entitled to be, the true owner of this world and all that therein is," and in the general method recommended for realizing that hope: "Seek to get rid of war. . . . Give up attacking capital. . . . Cultivate with all the better employers friendly personal relations." There is nothing very high-sounding about this advice; but simple methods are often the best, and slow methods often the speediest.

Taking this book as a whole, in spite of the partisanship of some of the essays, and the spirit of the doctrinaire in others, the volume is well worthy the careful study of any man who desires to understand the present trend of thought on industrial topics, and who is open-minded enough to look at the views of men who are in earnest to promote social reform, but who believe that it will best be promoted by other methods than any enlargement of State functions.

Darwin's Coral Reefs. Edited, with Introduction, by Dr. J. W. Williams. Camelot Series. (New York: A. Lovell & Co. 40 cents.) Many intelligent readers may wonder why a scientific book published in 1842 should be reprinted at this time. Science has made such mighty advance within the half-century that there are very few books that can be profitably so reissued. In 1842 Darwin attacked the old view as to the formation of coral islands and presented a new one—simple and apparently complete. The old idea died, and Darwin's subsidence theory was universally accepted and for years was practically unchallenged. But during the last thirty years there has been a growing opposition and a vigorous discussion. Darwin's theory seemed in danger, and a host of friends have rallied to its support. The reissuing of Darwin's book, with introduction and critical notes, has followed as a matter of course. Dr. Williams simply prefaces the text with a statement of the leaders and their views. The theory Darwin attacked is dead forever. It forms no part of the present opposition. It held that circular coral reefs, with an open lagoon of sea water within—in other words, atolls—were formed by a reef of coral growing up from the lip of volcanic craters to the sea level. Darwin's studies of the reefs themselves and of the conditions for reef growth showed this theory to be impossible. The reef of coral rock might apparently extend to a vast depth, but living reef-corals could only flourish in water not much deeper than one hundred feet. If the crater theory were true, thousands of craters must come within this small distance of the surface, in order to furnish a foundation for the reefs. But the absence of any great number of craters under a greater depth of water showed the supposition an unlikely one. Reefs are of three kinds: *fringing*, where coral banks grow along the coast or shore of a rocky island; *barrier*, where they surround the island, but with a channel of water between; *atolls*, where there is no central island, but an open lagoon of water inclosed by the reef-ring. It is evident that, if we extend the height of a fringing reef, at the same time sinking the island which it surrounds, the fringing reef will become a barrier reef, and then an atoll. Darwin's theory claimed just that. He believed that every atoll began as a fringing reef around an island, and that the sea bottom was subsiding. From this subsidence we have atolls. Semper, Alexander Agassiz, Murray, and others attack this view. They do not at all agree in details with one another. In general they believe that coral reefs grow up from submarine banks, and that atolls are produced from a solid coral reef by the solvent action of sea water. Strong points are made in individual cases against Darwin's view, but no one of the new theories is as widely applicable as his. Many cases, too, that seemed strong against his theory have proved not to be so sound as they at first appeared. The drift, perhaps, seems at present toward his support. It would be folly to say that the matter is decided, for it is not. But it is rather a case of the knight's shield at the cross-road. Darwin himself always admitted that barrier reefs might grow up on banks, but that would not at all affect the fact, if fact it be, that atolls are always, and barrier reefs are generally, produced by a submergence, of which they are sound evidence.

A very interesting biography, and one which has long been needed, has recently come from the press of Roberts Brothers (Boston). *Petrarch: A Sketch of His Life and Works*, by May Alden Ward, is a clear, appreciative, and condensed biographic study, very much in the line of the author's earlier study of Dante. The story of Petrarch's life is told in a very interesting and straightforward fashion, with fine appreciation of the man's nature and work, difficulties and success, and of the spirit of the age in which he lived. Petrarch is a name very familiar to students of literature and to readers of books; but it is a name, for the most part, associated only with a romance and with certain sonnets which the world has agreed to consider classical, but which comparatively few people know at first hand. What the great majority of readers are entirely ignorant of is the great place which Petrarch filled in the Revival of Letters, and his truly typical character as a modern man in the beginning of the modern age. Few literary men have filled so great a place or played so great a part as Petrarch; and yet, for the most part, even among comparatively intelligent people, very little is known of the man beyond his association with Laura and his authorship of the sonnets. This sketch of Petrarch presents him in true perspective, not only as a poet, but as a scholar, a thinker, and, in many respects, a pioneer. It gives a very excellent idea of his personality, so thoroughly representative of the age in which he lived, both in its strength and its weakness. The story is told simply and almost too concisely. His birth, his childhood, his studious and fruitful seclusion, his mingling with the world at Rome, at Venice, and in other cities, the brilliant episode of his coronation, his friendship with Rienzi, his restlessness, his letter-writing, his independence—all these qualities are well brought out, and the book will accomplish much if it does no more than show the real Petrarch instead of the sentimental and lackadaisical figure which popular imagination has heretofore cherished. It would have been pleasant if the identification of Petrarch with the Renaissance movement could have been made more complete, if more of the story of the Revival of Learning could have been introduced, and if greater emphasis could have been laid on the poetical work of Petrarch; but let us be thankful for what we have. The biography is, in its way, an admirable one, thoroughly sound in tone and exceedingly interesting in style. The study of Petrarch has opened literature to minds as dissimilar as those of Spenser and Dr. Johnson; the study of this book will, no doubt, open Petrarch to a great many minds which have heretofore been ignorant of him. ($1 25.)

It is due solely to Thackeray's strongly expressed preference that no extensive biography of him has yet appeared. Mr. Trollope's condensed life in the English Men of Letters Series is excellent in its way; but Trollope was not the man to write about Thackeray, much as he loved him, and thoroughly as, in certain ways, he knew him. Another brief biographic study has just been issued in the Camelot Series (New York: A. Lovell & Co). This *Life of W. M. Thackeray* is the joint product of Herman Merivale and Frank T. Marzials The book is much less unsatisfactory than one would infer from its joint authorship. It is, in fact, a very sympathetic and interesting study of the great novelist. Mr Merivale, who treats Thackeray's childhood and early years, approaches his subject with a profound affection, and writes with a beautiful loyalty and appreciation which will delight every lover of the author of "Henry Esmond." The charm of this book lies, not in its presentation of biographic facts, for they are few, and so far as that goes the book is only a sketch, but in the clearness and attractiveness with which the character of Thackeray is brought out. Those who understand Thackeray hold him to be, all things considered, not only the foremost English novelist and one of the great masters of English prose, but one of the noblest and truest-hearted English writers. It is with this faith that this biography has been written, and the authors have produced a biography which, although very much condensed, is a book which no lover of Thackeray can afford to leave unread.

The Autobiography of the Earth. By the Rev. H N. Hutchinson. (New York: D Appleton & Co. $1 50.) This book, written by an English clergyman, is now issued by an American house to American readers It is a brief presentation of the elements of Historical Geology intended for those who know nothing of the subject. The author aims at a simple and familiar style; in fact, he almost overdoes the matter, as the book is intended for adult readers, not for children. No American reader can profitably get his first ideas of historical geology from Mr. Hutchinson's book. The nomenclature is intensely English, and the terms will constantly confuse him if he afterward tries to read anything that Americans have written. Primary, Secondary, Harlech, Longmynd, mean nothing to an American student. If some American publisher should bring out a new edition of Dawson's "Chain of Life in Geological Time," a book which covers the same field as this, but in a cosmopolitan way, and which is written in a style at once attractive and eminently scientific, he would do a *truly* good thing. We criticise the book simply as one for American readers. For an Englishman it is a good one. It is abreast of the discussions; it is conscientiously written; it is concrete in treatment; it will lead to field study. The author is usually happy in his verbal illustrations, and the pictures are good The diagram called the Geological Clock, p. 154, deserves especial mention. It conveys most graphically an idea of the relative lengths of time of the "Ages" in geology.

Whatever Miss Lucy Larcom has to say about religious subjects, whether in prose or verse, is always spiritually suggestive and morally helpful. She has a genuinely religious nature, and her prose and verse are penetrated by a high spiritual purpose and warmed by a spiritual imagination. Her latest volume, *As it is in Heaven*, is made up of a series of twelve short chapters on such subjects as "Our Father and His Family," "The Heaven That Is," "All Things are Yours," "An Endless Life," and "The Joy of Our Lord." It is hardly necessary to say that this little book is written entirely away from the atmosphere of theological controversy, and finds its chief charm and helpfulness in the fact that it is written in a natural key, and deals with experiences and hopes which are the common possession of all spiritually-minded people. The great spiritual truths Miss Larcom holds as reservoirs for human need, and she draws upon them freely to fertilize and enrich human experience. Her book is mainly an interpretation of human life in the light of these ideas. It is poetic because it is impossible to deal with spiritual ideas—of the kind, at least, which are presented in this book—without the use of the imagination. The deepest and highest thoughts are always poetic. It is not so much to make clear to the imagination the joys of a future heaven that Miss Larcom has written, as to make us conscious of the heaven which is already here, if we choose to enter it. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1)

Mr. William Allen Butler has made *Oberammergau*, 1890, the subject of a descriptive poem very different in tone from much of the verse with which his name is popularly associated. Mr. Butler recalls the early tradition of the institution of the Passion Play, and passes on to give the impression produced upon the imagination by the performance of the play at Oberammergau last summer. He has succeeded in giving his verse directness and vividness, and tells the old story of the betrayal, the judgment, and the crucifixion with the fresh sense of reality which comes to one who has witnessed the dramatic representation of these familiar but perennially interesting events. The poem is the tribute of an imaginative and religious nature to the sincerity and simplicity of the Passion Play as still represented by the Bavarian peasants of Oberammergau. It is an answer to those who discerned nothing in the last representation but the stereotyped repetition of an old performance, and who got nothing from it but an impression of the cupidity of peasants who sacrificed their former naturalness and *naïveté* for dramatic effect. We judge Mr. Butler to have been nearer right than these other less imaginative critics of the play, and his volume is a fine tribute to the spirit of reverence which still inspires these performances. The book, which is a small quarto, is beautifully printed, and contains a number of effective reproductions of scenes in the Passion Play. (New York: Harper & Bros. $2.)

Readers of fiction written in English are just beginning to find out what stores of good material there are among the works of the Spanish and Portuguese novelists. Not romantic tales alone, but finished and powerful realism and charming domestic pictures may there be found. Valera, Valdes, Alarcon, and other writers of Spanish are becoming intimately known to seekers of the choice in style and the original in methods. A new Portuguese writer—new, that is, only to readers of translations—is Gomes Coelho, who writes under the pen name Julia Diniz A thoroughly competent translation of his *The Fidalgos of Casa Mourisca* has lately been brought out by the D. Lothrop Company of Boston. This is a tale of the transition from the old Portugal to the new; the contrast between the haughty and proud old Fidalgo who sits among the ruins of his ancient grandeur and rails bitterly at radicals and industrial and legislative progress, and the progressive and prosperous farmer, once his servant, is admirably carried out. In many other points there is a capital presentation of the stirring and growth of a new national spirit and of the death of the old ultra-conservatism. The story is interesting in itself, and is told with a really delightful humor of a gentle kind. A love tale runs through the whole, and though there is nothing sensational or thrilling about the book, there is no lack of incident. ($1 50)

The Great Discourse of Jesus the Christ, the Son of God, The Topical Arrangement and Analysis of All His Words Recorded in the New Testament, Separated from the Context. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) To this short description of the book afforded by the title page, we add the very brief description afforded by a dedication which serves in lieu of a preface: "This attempt to attain a more direct and personal contact with the Christ through his words than is afforded by a general reading of the Gospels, and to present the Divine Philosophy in its integrity, is dedicated to all fellow-seekers after Spirit and Life by a Layman." The editor has followed a topical, not a chronological, order, bringing together the teachings of Jesus under such topics as: The Godhead, The Kingdom of God, The Life of Christ; and including also his teachings on such subjects as Repentance, Faith, Charity, Resurrection, and the Moral Law. The book is beautifully printed, being in paper and typography an admirable specimen of book-making. In an introduction which he entitles "Apologia," the author explains how it was that the

study of Christ's teachings brought him to acceptance of and peace and joy and life in Christ. The book constitutes a sort of theology of Jesus Christ, and we commend it as a useful book to that very considerable class of readers who find the New Testament, by reason of its familiarity, failing to lay hold upon them, and who in such an arrangement as this will be apt to receive fresh impression from familiar truths.

Helps for Home Nursing. By Irene H. Ovington. (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.) Not only could doctors' bills often be saved where expense can be ill afforded, but that important aid to the doctor, efficient home nursing, ought to be much more universal than it is, outside of the regular training schools. This little book deals in an eminently practical way with the simplest but often the least known phases of home nursing, giving hints and suggestions as well as positive directions that will be found of no little value. The chapters on ventilation, nourishment, conveniences, and suggestions are especially helpful. The writer has evidently had unusual experience and opportunities for observation, and it is not often that they are found in such a condensed, practical form as in this little volume. Its inexpensive form puts it within the reach of all, and we hope not only that many a sick-room will be brightened and comforted through its means, but that not a few of its readers will be led by it to a more thorough understanding of how to exercise the art that lies in home nursing.

The latest volume in the "Great Artists" series is devoted to that inimitable caricaturist and most eccentric of men, *George Cruikshank*. Thackeray's well-known essay, written before the artist had finished his work, is supplemented by a memoir from the pen of Frederick G. Stephens. The latter is complete and satisfactory as to facts and is generally well written, but the author is ill-judged enough to insert here and there skits on political or personal topics of our day, not always in the best of taste. Thackeray's essay is wholly delightful; it enters into the humor of the artist, and into the habits and oddities of his times, in as sympathetic and eager way as do his essays on the Queen Anne poets into that time and literature. The many reproductions of Cruikshank's drawings add immensely to the pleasure of reading the memoirs. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.)

Mr. Gustav Kobbe's guide-book of *New York and its Environs* is a thorough and careful piece of work. In several particulars it is original in its method, and the book as a whole is more like the famous Baedeker guide-books than any of the existing handbooks about this city. The thorough indexing and the subject divisions of the chapters make it easy to obtain quickly the exact information desired; and whether this be historical, topographical, statistical, architectural, social, or what not, a pretty close examination has convinced us that the answer given by the book will be complete and satisfactory. There are several maps and many illustrations. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

Magazine readers greatly enjoyed Mr. L. B. R. Briggs's *Original Charades* when they (or some of them) appeared in "Scribner's." In book form they make an agreeable oddity in current literature. They differ from the old-fashioned charade in that ingenuity of construction is subordinated to quaintness of idea, and there is not a little genuine humor in the booklet. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.)

THE MAGAZINES.

No bit of fiction in any of the month's magazines is more fascinating than is the popular scientific sketch in *Harper's Monthly*, by Dr. T. M. Prudden, called "Glimpses of the Bacteria." It was written before Dr. Koch's most recent discoveries were given to the public, but derives a special interest from the light thrown on them and on Koch's work in general. The article on the Behring Sea controversy by ex-Minister Phelps has been commented on so widely from all points of view by the press that we need not do more here than call attention to it as an elaborate presentation of some of the points at issue from an aggressively American standpoint. The paper on "The French Army" by General Lewal is dramatic, vivacious, and French to the core; it is far more picturesque than the preceding articles of this series, and the seventeen drawings by Thulstrup give it a fine pictorial effect. Other notable features of this issue are: The article by the Hon. W. F. Vilas on Wisconsin, chiefly a historical and descriptive sketch; a eulogistic paper on "Thomas Hood, Punster, Poet, and Preacher," by Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, who dwells for the most part on the serious side of Hood's genius and his devotion to the interests of the poor; another installment of Thomas Hardy's racy and humorous sketches of rustic life among "Wessex Folk," and an illustrated article on "The Court Theater of Meiningen," by Dr. Charles Waldstein, whose recent discoveries in Greece are just now attracting so much curiosity and interest. In the Easy Chair, Mr. Curtis discourses as cheerfully and gracefully as ever—this month on the banishment of German opera from New York and on other social topics of less interest.

The first part of a quite unusual and decidedly striking story is contained in the April *Atlantic Monthly*. It is by the late Mr. W. D. O'Connor, is called "The Brazen Android," and deals with historical material of the time of Simon de Montfort and Friar Bacon; though somewhat overloaded with adjectives, the opening description of a London street is certainly a most effective piece of literary workmanship. Among the other lighter articles we notice as especially pleasing Olive Thorne Miller's delightful talk about birds, called "From My Window," Mr. Percival Lowell's continuation of his account of exploring odd corners of Japan, and further chapters of Mr. Stockton's serial, which seems to us as humorous as anything he has printed for a long time. Of course the solid and serious side of the magazine is, as always, well represented. Mr. Francis Parkman's second paper on the capture of Louisbourg, the Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin's paper on "Armenians and the Porte," Mary E. Burt's "The Muses in the Common School," and Professor G. F. Wright's "Prehistoric Man on the Pacific Coast"—all these are able and well-considered treatments of topics worth treating. The number seems to have a little less in the way of literary criticism and essays than one usually expects from the "Atlantic."

The very successful series of illustrated articles on the Railway and on Electricity which have proved such popular features of *Scribner's Magazine* will now be followed by a similar series on Ocean Steamships. The first appears in the current issue, and is by Mr. John H. Gould, who takes as his special topic "Ocean Passenger Travel;" there are many drawings by Messrs. Zogbaum, Schell, Harry Fenn, and others, and altogether the series starts out with a seasonable and agreeable article. One of the best articles relating to sport that has recently been published anywhere is Mr. Birge Harrison's "Kangaroo Hunt," illustrated by himself. Mr. Jephson, of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, follows his account of last month of Stanley's march through the forest with the story of "The Relief of Captain Nelson," than which there has been no more pitiful and thrilling tale of suffering in African exploration. Mr. Herbert Welsh treats dispassionately, and from the fullest store of information, the recent Indian outbreak in Dakota; the Rev. Willard Parsons recounts what has been done by the Fresh Air Fund, now entering on its fifteenth year; Mr. R. G. Butler tells of the adventures of the United States steamer "Thetis" in its Arctic voyage of 1889; Mr. Rollo Ogden, one of our own frequent contributors, writes with discrimination of the Spanish poet Gaspar Nunez de Arce; and there is an odd and curiously interesting paper by Dr. Thomas Dwight, of Harvard, on "What is Right-Handedness?"

Our correspondents have, some of them, lately been asking and answering the question, Who is Mona Lisa? A reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, engraved by Mr. Cole, serves as frontispiece of the April *Century*. Some beautiful portraits of Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, and other celebrities of the famous French "Salons of the Revolution and Empire" accompany Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason's agreeable and chatty paper on that subject. The literary article *par eminence* of the number is that containing several unpublished letters of Wordsworth and De Quincey; these add materially to our knowledge of the literary and personal history of the writers of the Lake School, and the paper, as a whole, is eminently readable. There are many short stories and poems this month; far the best of the stories seems to us to be Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "There were Ninety and Nine." Mr. E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's pioneer officers, gives some account of "Fetishism in Congo Land," with many sketches in pen and ink. In the California series there are two or three articles and several letters which, taken together, afford a vivid idea of the immigration of '49. A second article by a Confederate soldier on the prison experiences of Southern prisoners at Camp Morton makes some very serious and minute charges of ill-treatment and even starvation.

LITERARY NOTES.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have reprinted, in a very neat and convenient form, Mr. Gladstone's article on "Books and the Housing of Them."

—Edwin Booth has recently, it is stated, refused an offer of $25,000 from a publisher asking for a written story of his life with reminiscences of his theatrical experiences.

—Professor Robertson Smith, who was associated with Professor Baynes in editing the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and who succeeded to Professor Baynes's place as chief editor after his death, has undertaken to edit a new Biblical dictionary.

—The successful competitors for the $1,000 prize offered in 1889 by the American Secular Union for the best essay, treatise, or manual adapted to instruct children in the principles of morality without inculcating religious doctrines, are the Rev. N. P. Gilman, editor of the "Literary World," and Mr. E. P. Jackson, a master in the Boston Latin School, between whom it is to be divided.

—Edward Waldo Emerson is lecturing in various parts of the country on Thoreau, of whom he relates this incident: When the forest-haunting hermit lay on his death-bed, a Calvinistic friend called to make inquiries regarding his soul. "Henry," he said, anxiously, "have you made your peace with God?" "John," replied the dying naturalist in a whisper, "I didn't know that God and myself had quarreled!"

—The Marquis of Lorne is writing a novel, to be called "From Shadow to Sunlight." The scene is laid in the West of Scotland, and the heroine, it is said, is a transcript from life of a young and accomplished American girl with whom Lord Lorne became acquainted in the United States.

—The new volume of "The Dictionary of National Biography," which is just ready (Vol. XXVI.), has articles by James Gairdner on Henry VII. and Henry VIII., Sidney Lee on Lord Herbert of Cherbury, A. H. Bullen on Robert Herrick, Stanley Lane-Poole on Hicks Pasha, Leslie Stephen on Aaron Hill, and Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill on Matthew Davenport Hill and Sir Rowland Hill. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)

—"The Poems of John Ruskin" are to be published simultaneously here and in London about May 1. The body of the book will consist of the verses written between the ages of seven and twenty-six; but there will be an appendix of later poems, edited by Mr. W. G. Collingwood from the original unpublished manuscripts. The "Poems" will fill two volumes in the Brantwood Edition of Ruskin's writings, published in this country by Charles E. Merrill & Co.

—Three colleges in this country—Harvard, Columbia, and Cornell—have received copies of the lately discovered treatise of Aristotle on "The Constitution of Athens." This interesting manuscript, brought to light in a recent Egyptian excavation, and now preserved between sheets of glass in the British Museum, is not a palimpsest, as was first reported. It is written on the reverse sides of papyrus rolls, the other sides being a memorandum book of "the Greek bailiff Didymus," who recorded thereon his farm accounts, in Egypt, in the year A.D. 78. Subsequently the backs of these rolls were utilized by some one who wanted to copy "one of the best-known books which then existed on the history of Athens." The preservation of these rolls, and especially that of the writing, is attributed to the marvelous dryness of the Egyptian sand and air.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JOHN B. ALDEN, NEW YORK.

The Interwoven Gospels and Gospel Harmony. Compiled by Rev. William Pittenger. 50 cts.

Gladstone, William Ewart. The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture. 35 cts.

Knowledge Annual. Vol. I., June to December, 1890. 50 cts. a year.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Duncan, Sara Jeannette. An American Girl in London. $1.50.

Johnston, Richard Malcolm. The Primes and Their Neighbors. $1.25.

J. G. CUPPLES CO., BOSTON.

Cooledge, Rev. Charles E. The Sunny Side of Bereavement.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

Major, George Macdonald. The Background of Mystery and other Verses.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK.

Hoppin, James M. Sermons upon Faith, Hope, and Love. $1.50.

Guillemard, F. H. H. The Life of Ferdinand Magellan. $1.25.

Mead, Theodore H. Health Without Medicine. 25 cts.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, NEW YORK.

Proceedings of the National Temperance Congress, 1890. $1.50.

L. R. HAMERSLY & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

King, Capt. Charles. Trials of a Staff-Officer. $1.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Howells, W. D. Annie Kilburn, 75 cts. A Hazard of New Fortunes, $1.

THE HARTFORD THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, HARTFORD.

Bissell, Edwin Coue. A Practical Hebrew Grammar. $1.73.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

The Odyssey of Homer. Translated by George Herbert Palmer. $2.

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Inquiring Friends.

[Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply either through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

Did Christ believe in a *single* error? 1. He believed that a whale had Jonah in his belly three days and nights (Matt. xii., 49). 2. That Lot's wife became salt (Luke xvii., 32). 3. That devils were intelligent beings, and did torment little children (Luke ix., 42). 4. That a host of devils ran a herd of hogs down the bank (Luke viii., 32). 5. He believed in eternal suffering (Mark ix., 44). He believed in future existence for earthly beings, and that this life will decide the future condition of each one (Matt. xxv., 34). W. L. C.

We cannot be expected to do more than suggest the answer to your questions in a brief paragraph. 1 and 2. Christ's reference to the story of Jonah and of Lot's wife no more indicates that he regarded those stories as historical than a similar reference by a modern speaker to Scylla and Charybdis would indicate that he believed in the historical accuracy of the story of Ulysses. Christ simply uses current literature to illustrate a spiritual fact. It is equally valuable for this purpose whether it be history or poetry. 3, 4. We know so little about the other world that it is impossible for us to say that evil spirits do not exist and do not exert an influence upon humanity. Even Mr. Huxley is careful to declare that he does not deny the possibility of the occurrences referred to by our inquiring friend, and even to recognize some physical analogies to possession. One of the ablest authorities on the subject of moral insanity, Esquirol, holds that demoniacal possession is the best hypothesis to account for certain phases of so-called insanity. 5. Your reference does not support your conclusion. The fire that is not quenched was the fire kept burning in the Valley of Tophet, outside of Jerusalem, for the destruction of the doomed of the city, and the worm that dieth not is the worm that devours the dead carcass, the figure being borrowed from the Old Testament (Isaiah xiv., 11; li., 8; lxvi., 24). The figures would have been, to those who heard Christ, figures of destruction, not of torment. 6. This is also the faith of the great majority of mankind. Even those who believe in a future probation, very generally believe that the possibility of that probation will depend, at least measurably, upon choices and tendencies of conduct in this life.

It is common to hear men say, "I no longer believe in John Calvin's doctrine of election." Why not say, "St. Paul's doctrine of election," as set forth so plainly in the 9th chapter of Romans? C.

If you are to understand the drift of a man's argument, you must look at his conclusion. The conclusion of that argument which Paul begins in the 9th chapter of Romans is expressed at the end of the 11th: "For God hath shut them all up together in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all." In the 9th, 10th, and 11th chapters of Romans Paul is arguing with a people who believe in election, and that God had elected the Jews to eternal life and the Gentiles to eternal death. Taking the Jews on their own ground, he shows, from a consideration of their sacred records and from the nature of God himself, that He has a perfect right to elect the Gentiles to eternal life and the Jews to eternal death, and finally reaches the conclusion quoted above, that He has elected all alike to receive his mercy. This is Paul's doctrine of election.

If a man should come to you and ask you, "What must I do to be saved?" would you feel warranted in replying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved, you *and your family*"? The man being a stranger to you, you do not know that his family, or "whole house," does not consist of a wife and four or five children. But in the Christian Union of March 19 you quote Paul as having said to the jailer precisely that. By what right did Paul say what no man will claim the right to say now, namely, that if a man will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, his wife and children, if he have any, will be saved because of the man's belief? And please note, he said it *before* the jailer "and all his" were baptized. S.

Such a statement reported in history as made by a preacher must be interpreted in the light of his general teaching. The doctrine that every man is responsible for his own faith and life is fundamental in Paul's teaching; and we can only understand the statement here accredited to Paul as meaning that the jailer's family can be saved on the same condition as himself; that is, by the exercise of a like faith in Jesus Christ.

1. When children are consecrated (not baptized) what kind of ceremony is used? 2. Will a consecrated child need, in after years, to be baptized on entering the Church? S. S.

1. Simply prayer, with or without reading the Scriptures, as judgment deems best, with whatever accessories may be wished. 2. Certainly. "Consecration" is distinguished from baptism by the omission of the formula, "I baptize thee," etc. Water may be used, symbolically, in the "consecration," but it is not baptism, unless it is expressly declared to be.

I am preparing for ordination. Have not waded through any "Systematic Theology;" nevertheless fairly understand the present condition of things in the theological world. Is there not an able manual on Systematic Theology? If so, where found? W. H. M.

Read Professor H. B. Smith's "System of Christian Theology," and Mulford's "Republic of God."

Please turn to your copy of Brace's "The Unknown God," p. 119, eighth line. There is a phrase quoted, "The threefold darkness," and elsewhere in the book "the triple darkness." It puzzles me. Please explain. L. W. H.

It is, of course, a symbolical expression for impenetrable mystery. Perhaps some reader can supply us with the source of the quotation.

"Who wrote Mark?" An ingenious effort to show that the author was Peter, and his real name Simon Mark, is too long for print. It fails in the decisive points—(1) that "son," in 1 Pet. v., 13, may be figuratively used, as often (see John xix., 26), and not refer to Mark as born of Peter; (2) that, even if this were his relation, it would not follow that Peter's name was Simon Mark (as our friend thinks), sons not always bearing the father's name.

I see an inquiry for an address of mine on "Moral Education in the Public Schools." The address, which was prepared for a Sunday-school convention in the Province of Ontario, was printed in a school journal of Toronto, the name of which I have forgotten. I learned later that it had been reprinted on this side of the line, in a magazine called "Civics;" but I have never seen it there, nor do I possess a copy. The date in "Civics" must have been about the middle of 1887. I saw an extract from the address in an article in your columns some time ago. I was about to say "God bless The Christian Union;" but God does bless The Christian Union with grace to work in the spirit of Christ. May that most precious grace abide. W. N. Clarke.

H. H. O.—There will be full reports of the lectures of the Brooklyn Ethical Association (with abstract of accompanying discussions), published serially, in pamphlet form, by D. Appleton & Co., and in a bound volume, uniform with "Evolution" and "Sociology," at the end of the season—say next fall. They can be obtained either of the publishers, or of H. R. Ham, Treasurer of the Ethical Association, 518 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price, 10 cents each for pamphlet lectures, or $2 for bound volume.

Rufus Choate (that eminent Boston lawyer), not Dr. Cheever as you supposed, was the author of

"Church without a bishop,
And a State without a king."

He was speaking of the Pilgrims landing on our shore, where they found a Church, etc., etc., as above. "It caused a little flutter in the Catholic Church." Too good to be forgotten. Lawyers tell the truth "some of the time," while ministers are telling the truth "all the time." O. L. K.

In regard to a recent inquiry in this column, I believe that without doubt by far the best book ever made on Job is by an English Congregational minister, editor of "The Expositor," whose name, I believe, is Samuel Cox. Nothing that I ever saw approaches it. J.

Can you give me the place these lines are from:

"The bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear Lord's face."

Will some one give me the hymn and the author? F. H. T.

Correspondence.

PROVINCIALISM IN THEOLOGY.[1]

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

You are generally so kindly and courteous in your treatment of correspondents that I have read with some surprise your brief and rather harsh reply to the letter which appeared in The Christian Union of March 12, entitled "Inspiration and the Deluge." It seems to me that Mr. Anthony clearly points out this problem—that the Old Testament must be regarded either as a specially and directly inspired revelation of divine truth, or simply a collection of books of human literature, legendary, historical, and poetical, written by "men who were far, very far in advance of their time in noble aspirations and high ideals of human duty, inspired, as men of all ages past and present have been inspired, to give the world higher thoughts and nobler views of life." The very evident scientific spirit in which Mr. Anthony's letter is written does not seem to be "provincial," nor does his description of the Old Testament as literature seem "Puritan," as you call it. If his views of the Bible are "Puritan" and "provincial," then he has Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Theodore Parker, and other delightful and inspiring "provincialists" to keep him company. Indeed, it seems to me, as I have read The Christian Union, that Mr. Anthony's attitude toward the Bible is very like that which for a long time has been so courageously maintained by The Christian Union itself, and why in the same breath you welcome a correspondent as a congenial fellow-thinker and repel him as a narrow-minded and somewhat ignorant conservative, I cannot understand. R. E.

You understand us as meaning directly the reverse of that which we really meant. You understand us to charge Mr. Anthony with provincialism. We meant that the view which he condemned is provincial, and that he was mistaken in supposing it to be the view of the universal Church. That the view of the Bible as an infallible and inerrant book is not the view of the universal Church is made very clear by the following letter received almost simultaneously with the one above:

The other day I asked a prominent clergyman, with whom I am on quite friendly terms, what he thought of Dr. Briggs. He replied, "I think he is a semi-infidel." "Are you not too severe in your opinion?" I suggested. "Perhaps I am," he responded; "it would be better to say he is a semi-Christian." Now, we read that the One who established a "new and a living way" met with contumely from those who sat in Moses's seat. Will The Christian Union publish the following, which will go to show that the Church has been under the penumbra of "Puritan and conventional conceptions of the Bible"?

St. Clement of Alexandria, who flourished at the close of the second century, a Roman philosopher of great study and extensive travel, who upon becoming a Christian did not cease to be a philosopher, and instead of railing at science made use of it in the elucidation of the higher questions of religion, says to the bigoted and opposing Jews: "Your Genesis in particular was never the work of Moses, and what the ignorant and plebeian construe and understand literally, every expression of philosophers and learned men say they must be understood as allegories." St. Origen, the pupil of St. Clement, says: "Who shall be found so idiotic as to admit that God delivered himself up like a man to agriculture by planting trees in the Garden of Eden situate towards the east; that one of those trees was of life, and that the *other* could give the science of good and evil? No one, I think, can hesitate to regard these things as figurative beneath which mysteries are hidden. Were it necessary to attach ourselves to *the letter* and understand that which is written in the law of Moses after the manner of the Jews and populace, I should *blush* to say it is God who has given us such laws." St. Augustine says: "There is no way of preserving the true sense of the first three chapters of Genesis without attributing to God things unworthy of him, unless we have recourse to allegory." "St. Jerome and all the fathers of the early Church," says one authority, "attributed a double sense to the Scriptures, treating the letter with indifference, it being the spirit that giveth life."

From these quotations it would appear that the "higher criticism" is not much out of line with the criticism of Church fathers of the second and third centuries A D., especially of Clement of Alexandria, who for his loyalty to Christ felt the bitterness of persecution. And would it not be well for some of us to heed the sound advice of Gamaliel and refrain from dealing theological condemnation around, lest it should be that we are "fighting against God" by condemning those who are sincerely working towards a laudable end—the removal of a superstition that has reverenced the letter more than the spirit of the Word which "giveth life"? Mark Holroyd.

[1] See editorial on page 465.

MR. BURROUGHS ON DOCTORS.

I.—A GROWL.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Dear Sirs,—Is the "Growlery" still open for "growls"? If so, I wish to relieve myself a little in connection with the article of John Burroughs on "Popular Errors and Delusions." Mr. Burroughs says: "The critical habit of mind alone can save one from hasty judgments—the habit of mind that sifts the evidence and keeps close hold of the chain of cause and effect." Now, it appears to me that he has departed a long way from that idea in his opinions of a "country physician." Perhaps he has never watched for years, as the writer has, the effect of drugs on certain symptoms that come in all cases of sickness. Without any doubt, at the moment he was writing his article hundreds of physicians were watching with great relief the good effect of drugs on certain *symptoms* of their case in hand, no matter what the particular disease happened to be. Mr. Burroughs probably does not know that all so-called diseases are of a self-limited character, and that the intelligent physician does not, and never did, attempt to *cure the disease*, but relieve the attending bad symptoms. If he had known that, he would not have said: "Common sense would say, look to the cause of a case of typhoid fever, of pneumonia, of diphtheria, of small-pox, of measles, etc., and cure that." "The signals of distress which nature puts out are the symptoms," he says. Very true; and does not common sense teach us to pay close attention to the signals of distress if the cause cannot be removed? Because the surgeon removes a lung occasionally is no reason why every case of lung inflammation should be treated by the knife. Such reasoning is absurd, to say the least. The ocean and the big steamers have their places, but have the small steamer and the ferryboats no place to fill? The physicians always have filled a place that no other persons pretend to fill, and always will, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Burroughs to the contrary. Mr. Burroughs probably has never conducted to a successful termination a severe case of typhoid fever or pneumonia. If he had, he would have seen that the bad symptoms of the case responded to drugs intelligently given. If a person has never observed for any length of time the workings of certain and many remedies successfully used; has never "kept close hold of the chain of cause and effect," is he capable of giving an intelligent opinion? I think not. I admit that the time has come when the physician must be an eclectic in practice, and if a certain case is better conducted without many drugs such a physician would refrain from giving them. But I do not admit that drugs have lost their use. Yet we ask, How could a skillful surgeon exercise his skill as a surgeon in ordinary cases of disease—the fevers, the infectious and contagious diseases, and so on? The day of the physician who attempts to assist nature by relieving the bad symptoms is not passing away, but rather the man who attempts to *cure incurable* disease is going to the background. Some of Mr. Burroughs's statements and observations are

good; others are, in my opinion, entirely wrong and misleading.

JULIUS E GRISWOLD, M.D.
GLASTONBURY, Conn.

II.—ANOTHER GROWLER.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Before the "Growlery" has quite disappeared—melted under the soft airs of unqualified approval and universal praise—I wish to claim its protection for preferring a grievance, a protest, against the recent article of one of your distinguished contributors upon "popular delusions."

Mr. Burroughs writes vivaciously always; even when he knocks down the straw man which he has himself set up, he does it gracefully and with spirit. But does anybody believe that the sun puts out the fire? or that the potato crop is influenced by the moon? It is an easy task to show that these are errors.

But with these ought we to class the seeking of advice from our best physicians, and the discreet use of tested medicines? For any man to call to the bedside of his sick friend another man whom he considers an ignoramus, who will, he believes, suppress symptoms instead of aiming directly at the causes of disease, or who will administer "salt and sawdust" to the imagination of the patient, is to be more of a humbug than the doctor himself, not having the excuse of professional renown or pecuniary need—worse than he, or more likely she, who is made happy by seeing the moon over the right shoulder.

If diseases, being let alone, cure themselves, why has nature provided so many remedies to suit them?

We need not throw our physic to the dogs, for they are already taught by instinct to doctor their ailments.

Although all medical men are not disinterested workers in the cause of science and humanity, and universities are not infallible, yet the professed aim is to search out the roots and causes of disease in order to destroy them. Is not one increasing appreciation of the value of fresh air and diet as curatives due to the researches of the wisest and truest of the profession?

In a late number of the "University Magazine" it is said, in a sketch of the life and work of an eminent physician of New York, that at the beginning of his career (more than thirty years ago), he did not wish to practice, but to study causes of disease, and the result is "a thoroughly trained practitioner whose greatest delight is in attacking disease by stopping its causes;" and among the discoveries enumerated in the list of his honors are no drugs to be used in the suppression of symptoms, but the use of various kinds of *food* in the service of humanity against disease; and although he ranks among the first, he does not stand alone in such researches; what is true of him is doubtless true of a multitude of other earnest men.

Many a man who would scorn to enter a Christian church, and who would on no account suffer himself to be seen with an open Bible in his hands, will readily accept the services of a clergyman at the burial of one of his family, and feel that the good old Book is not out of place on such an occasion; and in the same way it is the fashion to speak contemptuously of medical treatment. While their scorn may serve as a wholesome spur or check to the victims of it, it shows no less the inconsistency of those who express it so freely and unjustly. A. H.

III.—FAITH OR CREDULITY?

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

John Burroughs, in his "Popular Errors and Delusions," published in The Christian Union, March 19, 1891, declares that "a German surgeon recently removed a hopelessly diseased lung with perfect success. The patient entirely recovered."

In the "North American Review" for October, 1890, Burroughs writes on "Faith and Credulity," in which credulity is handled without gloves. Yet is he not putting your readers to a severe test when he expects them to believe such a marvelous statement as the one referred to without proof? He ought at least to give the name of the "German surgeon," and date of the operation. W. H. W.
LAWN RIDGE, Ill.

—A grocer bought a table caster for a Christmas present to his pastor. It cost a dollar, and he put a tag marked fourteen dollars on it. Next day the reverend gentleman brought the caster (with the tag attached) back to the grocery man, and said to him: "I am too poor in this world's goods to display so valuable a caster on my table, and if you have no objection I would like to return it and take fourteen dollars' worth of groceries for my family instead." The grocer "came down," and retired from the gift enterprise business.—[Ex.

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CONDENSED STATEMENT, JUNE 30, 1890.

Capital subscribed, - -	$2,000,000.00
Paid in (cash), - - - - -	1,000,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits,	396,716.85
Assets, - - - - -	11,168,685.04

The well-known firm of accountants, Barrow, Wade, Guthrie & Co., of London, Manchester, and New York, upon auditing the accounts of the Company, as published June 30th, 1890, appended thereto the following certificate:

Having examined the books of the Equitable Mortgage Company, we hereby certify that the foregoing accounts and statement are in conformity therewith, and we believe that the accounts fully and fairly represent the position of the Company as on the 30th June, 1890.
Barrow, Wade, Guthrie & Co.
New York, 16th Oct., 1890.

6 Per Cent. Bonds and Debentures.
4 1-2 and 5 Per Cent. Certificates, running three months to two years.
All first-class investment securities bought and sold.

OFFICES:
New York, 208 Broadway. | London, England.
Phila., 4th & Chestnut St. | Berlin, Germany.
Boston, 117 Devonshire St. | Kansas City, Missouri.

KANSAS CITY
THE INEVITABLE FAR WESTERN CENTER

We negotiate loans at 6% and 7%, according to the amount and nature of the security. Applications submitted on conservative valuations made by appraiser, appointed by lender. Amounts $1,000 and upward as large as desired, on first-class improved property, borrower paying all expenses. Also write us for a map of business center of Kansas City and some investments therein offered of great bargains in vacant and also improved property, paying 7% to 9% net income. ☞ Established 1879.

H. L. JOHNSON & CO.,
REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT BROKERS,
712 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

THE SECURITY CO.
OF SIOUX CITY, IA.,

Invites correspondence regarding its MORTGAGE LOANS on selected security in the Corn Belt. A SAFE INVESTMENT OUR FIRST CONSIDERATION.

We also offer mortgages on Sioux City property These securities have invariably proved satisfactory during an experience of seven years.

L. W. SPEAR,
109 Chamber of Commerce Building, Duluth, Minn.

Loans and Investments.

L. W. SPEAR, Treasurer Northwestern Investment Company, Washington, D. C.; Duluth, Minn.

The CENTRAL TRUST CO.
DENVER, COLO.

Succeeding the Loan Business of HAYDEN & DICKINSON.

We have for sale choice First Mortgage Loans on Denver City Real Estate and Improved Colorado Farms. We can make immediate transfer of these securities, and will collect and remit interest free of charge to investors. We deal only in securities that we have given careful personal examination and believe to be absolutely safe. We 7% shall have, from time to time, first-class Municipal, School District, and other Bonds. We invite correspondence, and will furnish the best of references, East and West.

Directors:—F. D. Levering, Pres.; C. E. Dickinson, Vice-Pres.; R. N. Pearson, Sec'y; E. H. Smith, Treas.; Thos. S. Hayden.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

PUEBLO HAS DOUBLED in population in TWO YEARS. Census in 1888, 12,500; in 1890, 29,840. It has the *only* steel works west of the Missouri River (employing 1,200 men), three of the largest smelters in the world (employing 1,800 men), and scores of other prosperous manufacturing industries. Monthly pay roll to laborers, $700,000. Has five great Railway systems. We solicit correspondence with those who have money to invest.

Real estate in Pueblo is cheaper than in any town of its size and opportunities in the United States.

HARD & McCLEES, Real Estate and Investment Agents, Pueblo, Colo.

DENVER-COLORADO.

8% Net on improved inside property from one to five years. Information and references freely given by

D. F. CARMICHAEL, Denver, Col.

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The Middlesex Banking Company,

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

PAID CAPITAL, - $600,000.

Offers 6 per cent. Debentures, secured by deposit of 1st mortgages with the Union Trust Company of New York. Amount of issue limited by law. Connecticut Trustees, Executors, etc., can invest in these bonds.

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AMERICAN TRUST CO

No. 173 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Issue its 8 Per Cent. Preferred, Common, and Installment Shares—the best and safest investment now offered to the public. Competent and experienced financiers have examined and approved its plans and methods. A limited amount of this stock is offered, subject to prior sale.

Write for prospectus and full information.

BETTER THAN 7% MORTGAGES

The **National Realty Co.** will sell for a short time lots in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, within one-half to three-quarters of a mile of the Court-house and center of the city, at prices from $300 to $400 per lot. The money obtained from the sale of these lots will be expended by the company in the equipment of a large linen mill already erected near the lots offered for sale. Apply for maps and circulars to

NATIONAL REALTY CO.,
103 State Street, - Boston, Mass.

DULUTH REAL ESTATE

By reference to a map of the United States and Canada, you will see that DULUTH is the same distance from Buffalo and all points East, by water, as Chicago; and being more than 300 MILES FARTHER WEST, it has a much larger tributary country, which is in the infancy of development. Duluth is increasing in population at the rate of nearly TEN THOUSAND a year, and such wonderful growth insures a rapid advance in real estate. Write for reading matter, and if you wish to invest tell us how much, and we will send full information, with maps, etc.

C. E. LOVETT & CO., Duluth, Minn.

WHY loan money at 5 per cent. when you can get 7 or 8 with equal security and no taxes to pay? For particulars write to ALFRED H. NELSON, Pres. Chamber of Commerce, Ogden, Utah.

HEALTH BETTER THAN WEALTH.—Valuable information sent to all wearers of Artificial Teeth upon the receipt of postage. Dr. W. E. DUNN, 331 Lexington Ave., cor. 29th St., New York.

BUREAU OF PULPIT SUPPLY.
Pulpits supplied. Eligible ministers wanted. Rev. C. W. Wood, 26 Reade St., New York.

BOOKS BY
Hamilton W. Mabie.

The following books by Mr. HAMILTON W. MABIE will be sent to any address by The Christian Union, postpaid, on receipt of price.

MY STUDY FIRE. 12mo. $1.25.

NORSE STORIES RETOLD FROM THE EDDAS. 16mo. $1.00.

OUR NEW ENGLAND. Her Nature Described by Hamilton Wright Mabie, and Some of Her Familiar Scenes Illustrated. The illustrations are photogravures from Nature, with remarques drawn by Frank T. Merrill. Oblong quarto, limp cover, with photogravure on Japanese paper, gilt edges. Price, $4.00; cloth, illuminated, price, $5.00.

Address The Christian Union,
30 La Fayette Place, New York.

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A Handy Binder that will hold compactly and conveniently twenty-six numbers of THE CHRISTIAN UNION will be sent by mail on receipt of 75 cents.

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Warranted never to crock or fade. Silk finish.

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Send for Price List.

THE CLEANFAST HOISERY CO.

SUBSCRIBERS' WANTS.

Want advertisements of forty words or less will be published under this heading, for subscribers only, at 50 cents a week. Two cents a week is charged for each word in excess of forty.

WANTED—Christian Unions for the year 1875. If you do not have the entire year, state what numbers you have, and name prices. Address Back Numbers, No. 8,875, this office.

OLD COINS WANTED.—Ten to six hundred dollars apiece paid for certain dates of silver dollars; five to fifty dollars apiece for certain dates of silver half-dollars, quarter-dollars, dimes and half-dimes; one to twenty-five dollars apiece for certain dates of cents and half-cents. New edition catalogue giving description and dates of all coins wanted from 1794 to 1883, and showing prices paid for them, mailed to any address. Price ten cents—stamps or silver. L. G. Grund, Philadelphia, Pa.

PARIS, FRANCE—Private French family receives boarders. Highly recommended by Americans. Central location. Room, with board, fifty francs per week. Madame Cézaire, 50 Rue de Lille.

$20 RENT—Unfurnished house in Connecticut. Sixty-eight minutes from New York; ten minutes from depot; plenty fruit and shade; house has ten rooms; bay window; well water; inside tubs; furnace. For sale low for cash. Address "Fairfield," No. 8,897, office Christian Union.

TO RENT—During July and August, a charming place in Connecticut. Large grounds; large house, well furnished; good piazzas; lovely place for children or company. Terms reasonable—given on application, with picture of place. Address "Suburb," Hartford, Conn., Box 269.

WANTED—Copies of the Home Supplement issued January 16, 1890, to complete files. We shall be glad to recompense subscribers who will favor us with copies of same. The Christian Union.

A GERMAN LADY, fifteen years' experience in teaching, desires a situation as tutor during the summer vacation. Teaches German, French, Latin, and Music. Mutual terms. A. H. B., No. 8,977, Christian Union Office.

ELEGANT SUBURBAN HOME, $4,500, rent $350. Pearsall's, Long Island. Ten rooms; all improvements; barn; two acres; fruit; hour from city; near Long Beach; sea air and food; no malaria; pure water; low commutation. J. H. Griffith, Box 1,082, Providence, R. I.

A RELIABLE CHRISTIAN LADY who understands the management of boys would like position as matron in school, or would go as housekeeper for the summer or longer. Best references given. Address Mrs. Chilvers, 113 W. 22d St., New York City.

WANTED—For my two girls, aged fourteen and sixteen years, healthy and strong, a place where they can earn their way through a good school, to fit them for teaching or business. Christian homes preferred. I am too poor to pay for their schooling. References given. Address Savin, Christiana, Del.

WANTED—For the summer months, a position to teach Latin. A pupil who desires to prepare for college is preferred. Location will be considered rather than salary. Address C. E. C., 304 Delaware Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

A SUBSCRIBER wishes to find for a friend a few boarders; children preferred; tuition if desired. Location, twenty-eight miles from New York City, in a healthful, hilly country place. References exchanged. Address Home, Box 32, Nanuet, N. Y.

SOPRANO.—A young lady, an active Christian, desires situation in a choir in New York City or vicinity. Has a pure soprano voice, is a good reader, and now studying with one of the best teachers. Address Miss L., care of Box 1,014, New York Post Office.

A YALE STUDENT desires employment with opportunity for out-of-door exercise. Would be a desirable traveling companion; in which has had some experience. Highest reference as to character, etc. Address C. C., care of Box 1,014, New York Post Office.

CORRESPONDENCE DESIRED with a young woman of upright character, amiable temper, and good education, who would like to be a mother's assistant. Must be a lover of children and able to do plain sewing. Address E. D. H., Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J.

A FRENCH LADY who speaks English fluently desires occupation as companion or governess for the summer. References given. Address M. C., No. 9,033, care Christian Union.

A LADY ARTIST well acquainted with Europe, speaking French and German, would like to accompany a family, or take charge of young girls, for a European tour. Rererences exchanged. Address Lakewood, N. J., Box 8.

A MOUNT HOLYOKE GRADUATE desires a position as teacher for the ensuing year. Position in home school preferred. Good references given. Address W. C., care Christian Union.

A SUMMER HOME in South Berkshire Hills.—Will rent or sell; twelve-room house, with or without barn and fifty acres of land. South slope, large shady lawn, fine garden, fruit and water; five minutes walk from depot, churches, and school. Address Rev. Henry B. Mead, Brookfield Center, Conn.

Railways and Pleasure Resorts of America.

The Publisher of The Christian Union has received the following new books and pamphlets during the past week, any one of which he will be glad to send on request to a reader desiring to visit any of the localities described:

Asheville, N. C. "Land of the Sky." Also a Description of the Swannanoa Hotel. 26 pages.
American Carlsbad: Lithia Springs, Ga. 32 pages, illustrated.
Bangor and Piscataquis: The Switzerland of Maine. 32 pages, illustrated.
Bar Harbor and Mount Desert Island. 72 pages, illustrated.
Bar-Harbor, Me., Pocket Map of.
Block Island, R. I. 16 pages, illustrated.
Campobello Island, N. B.: A Famous and Popular Summer Resort. 10 pages, illustrated and map.
Country Living for City People. By Marion Harland. 66 pages, illustrated.
Catskill Mountains. 80 pages, maps and illustrations.
Chicago, Map of, Showing the World's Fair Site.
Colorado Springs, Col., The Star Guide to. 110 pages and map.
D. & H., The Description of the Adirondacks
Daily Itineraries of the Special European Parties, 1891, arranged by E. M. Jenkins. and Saratoga, etc. 120 pages, illustrated.
Eagle's Mere: On Mountain Top, The Adirondacks of Pennsylvania. 24 pages, illustrated.
Fayetteville, N. C.: Its History and Manufactures. Hotel La Fayette and its Surroundings. 20 pages, illustrated.
Jacksonville, Fla. "Oranges and a Heavenly Climate. Dogs not taken at the Windsor."
London & Northwestern R. R. Illustrated Guide. A Glance at the Principal Points of Interest between Euston and Carlisle. 74 pages, illustrated.
New Castle, Portsmouth, N. H. The Wentworth and its Surroundings. 10 pages, illustrated.
Normandie-by-the-Sea (near Seabright, N.J.). 12 pages, illustrated.
Northwestern Passage, The. To London *via* Holyhead and Liverpool. 8 pages, illustrated.
Poland Springs, Me. 30 pages, illustrated.
Poland Spring, South Poland, Me. The Poland Spring House. 20 pages, illustrated.
Poland Springs, Me. A Story of the Springs' History. 84 pages, illustrated.
Plymouth, Mass.: Its Great Historic Interest. The Samoset House. 8 pages.
Sugar Hill, N. H. The Sunset Hill House. 16 pages, illustrated.
Tour: The Loomis European Party for 1891.
Tours: Colorado, California, the Pacific Northwest and Alaska. Three Spring and Early Summer Tours. Raymond & Whitcomb. 192 pages.
Tours, Two Grand Summer, to Alaska. Raymond & Whitcomb. 104 pages.
Tours, A Description of Personally Conducted. Chesapeake & Ohio Route. 32 pages. illustrated.
Tours, Bicycle, Personally Conducted, to Europe. C. H. Smith.
Tour, An Old World. Three Months in Europe. Miss H. M. Barbour. 32 pages.
Tours, Summer European. Rev. C. F. Thomas, D.D. 8 pages.
Tours, Fall. To the Holy Land and Up the Nile. Rev. C. F. Thomas. 24 pages, illustrated.
Tours: Prospectus of Saunterings through Picturesque Europe. Hartshorn & Cheney's Limited Party.
Virginia Beach, Va. Famous Ocean Resort. 24-page folder, illustrated.
Worcester, Mass., Pocket Map of.
White Mountains, Mount Desert, Montreal, and Quebec Hotels, and rates of fares over the Boston & Maine and branches. 96 pages.
White Mountains and the Merrimac Valley. Summer Outings in the Old Granite State. 144 pages, illustrated.

VIRGINIA.

The Bonanza of the Future!

THE COMING IRON DISTRICT OF THE UNITED STATES.

For maps, reference book, pamphlets, etc., descriptive of the wonderful mineral and agricultural resources of the State, apply to agents of the NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILROAD, 290 Washington Street, Boston; 363 Broadway, New York; 1 433 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; or to General Office, Roanoke, Va.; or to Recreation Department of The Christian Union.

THOSE ANSWERING AN ADVERTISEMENT WILL CONFER A FAVOR UPON THE ADVERTISER AND THE PUBLISHER BY STATING THAT THEY SAW THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

Copyright, 1891, by The Christian Union.

Time-Tables of any Railroad in America

Sailings of any Ocean Steamer or River Boat

(if they touch the American shore)

Circulars and Pamphlets of any Hotel in America

(if published)

The Announcement of any Tour

(personally conducted or otherwise)

to any part of the world

May be obtained free of cost, on request, from the Recreation Department of The Christian Union. Let us make easier the planning of your Summer Outing by sending you this information. Address The Christian Union, 30 La Fayette Place, New York.

THE GLEN

WHITE MOUNTAINS

New Hampshire

The Glen as a Health Resort.

In regard to the health-restoring powers of mountains in general, Dr. Huntington Richards, the distinguished professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, N. Y., says:

"The mountains are exciting or stimulating as well as tonic in their climatic effect. Among conditions indicating the advisability of a summer trip to the mountains may be mentioned a tendency to convalescence from malarial fever; many cases of hay-fever and of uncomplicated asthma; exhaustion from brain overwork in persons possessing a naturally strong constitution, and a condition of anæmia and general exhaustion brought on by long-continued summer heat, especially among dwellers in large cities and in those who live near the sea coast."

The Glen has met with especial favor among sufferers from HAY FEVER, and has become one of the very few resorts which are sought out by those afflicted with this trying disease. The elevation of the Glen—1,632 feet above the level of the sea—is the chief reason of the salutary effects of a residence here by the hay-fever victim.

Sufferers from INSOMNIA find in the quietude of the place and in the sleep-giving qualities of the air a paradise. Few mountain resorts have this characteristic, but the Glen is pre-eminently a promoter of sound and refreshing sleep.

How can the Glen give to one anything other than an exuberance of health and happiness? For here is the purest of mountain air, the most wholesome of food, fresh from the dairy and the farm, and water from the coolest and purest of springs. Here, too, the sanitary conditions are as near perfect as natural advantages and human skill can make them.

These conditions are enough to make a residence at the Glen of incalculable value to one seeking to regain health and strength; but favorable conditions alone will not always accomplish this end without the aid of some medicinal agents. These are to be found in the Glen Spring.

A Winter Sanitarium.

THE GLEN SPRINGS.

A new Institution, under the medical management of experienced physicians.

Located on a bluff, overlooking thirty miles of Seneca Lake, surrounded by Pine Forests and near the famous Watkins Glen.

Equipped with the most approved therapeutic appliances, including *Turkish, Russian, Roman, Electric, Electro-thermal, Moliere Saline and Iron Baths.*

Also Massage, Swedish Movements, Calisthenics, and all forms of Electricity.

Pure water—also valuable mineral springs, including Saline, Iron, Iodine, and Sulphur waters. *No Malaria.* Pure air.

Climate dry, mild, and equable. More days of sunshine and less humidity than any other section of New York State. Beautiful views, charming walks and drives.

Modern improvements: Elevator, Electric Bells, &c. Cuisine unsurpassed.

For terms and other particulars, address
WM. E. LEFFINGWELL, Manager,
Watkins, N. Y.

IF you would like one of the elegant brochures descriptive of Coronado Beach and The Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, California, soon to be issued, apply to the Recreation Department of The Christian Union. The Hotel del Coronado is the largest seaside resort hotel in the world, covering seven and one-half acres. Coronado Beach has no equal in the world as a summer resort.

St. Denis Hotel,

BROADWAY and ELEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Opposite Grace Church.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

During the past year the ST. DENIS has been enlarged by a new and handsome addition which more than doubles its former capacity.

All the latest improvements have been placed in the new building, with a large and very attractive new Dining-room connecting with the old well-known "Taylor's Restaurant."

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Beechwood Inn, Jenkintown, Pa.

Mrs. H B. MARKLAND & CO. have leased the "BEECHWOOD INN" for a term of years with the intention of making it the most desirable of any resort in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and only one and three-quarter hours ride from New York. The "Inn" has the advantage of a station on the grounds and 50 trains daily each way. The cuisine will be thoroughly American, while the service will be French. The following references will be a sufficient guarantee of our intention to make the "Inn" charming and select: William Pepper, M.D., Provost of the University of Pennsylvania; S Henry Norris, Richard Dale, D. Murray Cheston, M.D.; H C. Wood, M.D.; D. Hayes Agnew, M. D., and Walter Buchanan.

HOUSE OPENS MAY 16, and rooms may now be engaged, and plans seen on application, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 2 to 5 p. m., at "Hotel Stratford," Philadelphia.

ROOMS AND BOARD MAY NOW BE engaged for the summer in a delightful mountain region, 50 miles from New York, on line of the Erie R. R. Fast express trains morning and evening; station near; splendid drives; cool and shady walks; mountain paths leading by running brooks and waterfalls. One of the healthiest spots in Orange County. Gentlemen can keep their own carriages and horses in spacious stables on the place, at reasonable rates. House newly furnished. Care will be taken to give guests an enjoyable summer outing. Address
MRS. CHARLES R. DUFF,
Mountainville, N. Y.

HEALTHIEST PLACE IN AMERICA. An Illustrated descriptive pamphlet of the Mountain Park Hotel, Hot Springs, N. C., mailed upon application to Christian Union or A. W. Bronson, Mgr.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKE, BLAKE'S HOTEL, Long Island, N. H. Lake and mountain scenery; excellent boating, bathing, and fishing; cool breezes; farm connected.
A. M. BLAKE. 149 East 34th St., New York.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

LONDON & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.
CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.
GREAT SOUTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY.

Queenstown, Liverpool, and Glasgow to London. Shortest and quickest routes. Luxurious Parlor, Sleeping, and Dining Cars. Tickets and Tours in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, England, and to Paris. Baggage Checked through New York to London.

For full information, Folders, Maps, Estimates, etc., apply to
C. A. BARATTONI, Gen. Agt., 852 B'way, N. Y

STONINGTON LINE.

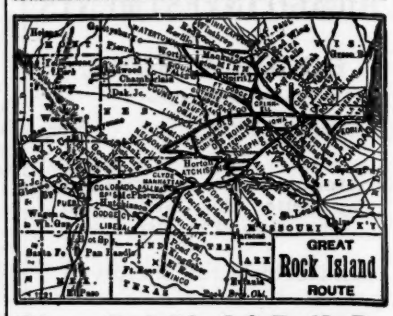
ALL FARES REDUCED.

The Inside Route. Boston, $3; Providence $2.25; Worcester, $2.25; corresponding reduction to and from all Eastern points.

Steamers leave new Pier 36, N. R., one block above Canal Street, at 5:00 P.M. daily, except Sunday.

I A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



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SOLID VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS

of Coaches, Palace Sleepers, new and superbly equipped Dining Cars, and FREE Reclining Chair Cars between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO via Kansas City and Topeka, or via St. Joseph. The Direct Line to and from Manitou, Pike's Peak, Glenwood Springs, and all Sanitary and Scenic Resorts of Colorado—offering choice of routes via Denver to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Via The Albert Lea Route.

Fast Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, making close connections for all points North and Northwest. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Kansas City. Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria and Spirit Lake and Sioux Falls. The Favorite Line to the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Iowa and Minnesota.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or further information, apply at any Coupon Ticket Office, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
CHICAGO, ILL.

The Loomis European Tour for 1891.

Under the personal escort of Dr. L. C. Loomis, whose fifteen years' experience and more than twenty successful tours and the testimonials of the hundreds who have accompanied him are guarantees of complete success. The Short Tour party to leave June 13 and the Long Tour party June 20. The latter will include some places not hitherto accessible to the American summer tourist. At no time will the party be under the charge of a stranger or foreign conductor. Circulars, with full particulars and testimonials, to be had from Warren Choate & Co., 730 Eleventh Street, Washington, D. C.

EUROPE!

A series of Special American Parties are now being organized for travel in Europe, leaving New York, April 29, May 27, June 24, July 8, and July 11. The membership is limited to twenty-five. The prices charged cover every necessary traveling expense, and an experienced conductor accompanies each party. Norway and Sweden (*North Cape and Land of Midnight Sun*) Party leaves New York June 25th, 1891. Autumn Palestine Party leaves New York September 12, 1891.

Independent tickets are issued by any line of Atlantic Steamers. Send for sailing lists and descriptive circulars to The Christian Union, or

E. M. JENKINS, 257 Broadway, N. Y.

COOKS TOURS

We offer exceptional facilities for seeing EUROPE, PALESTINE, or making TOUR OF THE WORLD.
Vacation parties throughout season.
Steamship and Railroad Tickets by any line for independent travellers.
Our Tourists have free use of all our arrangements, reading-rooms, etc., abroad.
Illustrated pamphlet (128 pages) on application.
EXCURSIONIST, 10 cents monthly.
261 & 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Thomas FOREIGN TOURS

11th Season. Our parties are strictly first-class, and limited to family size. June 24—A Personally Conducted Tour through Sweden, Russia, etc. July 1, 8—Vacation Trips. Sept. 9—The Fourth Palestine Tour. Send stamp for programmes to Rev. C. F. Thomas, D.D., 1,606 Wallace St., Philad'a.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL: Sixth Summer.

Small and select party of ladies, leaving New York June 24; tour of 93 days. Address Miss H. M. BARBOUR, 81 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EUROPE Comprehensive Tour of 16 weeks. Family Party. Limited number. Conductorship of a physician and his wife. Address Dr O. D. Cheney, 50 Bromfield St., Boston

EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND Round the world. Programme 20 select excursions now ready. Best ticketing facilities. Ocean tickets by all lines. Best berths secured at lowest rates. Gaze's Gazette 10 cts. H. GAZE & SON, 940 B'way, N.Y. (Est. 1844)

The Publisher's Desk.

The Week's Motto.

"Begin!"

Begin!

LOSE this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the rest more dilatory.
Thus indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost tormenting over days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it;
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed. —[Goethe.

A New Home.

On or about the first of May the offices of The Christian Union will be removed from No. 30 La Fayette Place to Clinton Hall, the new and handsome building of the Mercantile Library Association, on Astor Place, La Fayette Place, and Eighth Street. Ample space has been secured on the fifth floor, immediately under the library and reading-room of the Association, and the outlook from our windows will be on all of the three streets named.

Recreation.

Every year broader and more costly provision is made by railway and summer resort managers for the comfort and pleasure of the great public during the vacation season.

Every year the public which is thus provided for begins earlier and conducts more carefully the planning for summer sojourn and vacation travel.

This vacation planning among those who read The Christian Union, in all parts of the country, has been greatly simplified, and freed from many of its vexations, by the operation of our Recreation Department, which was established last fall, and has been growing rapidly in popularity and efficiency ever since.

We have thus far sent out to our readers not less than four thousand railway time-tables and pamphlets, circulars describing pleasure and health resorts, and announcements of tours to various parts of the world. This service has been rendered without expense to those who have received the information, and has in a great number of cases been a convenience that was very highly appreciated.

The advantages of sending to one place for all the time-tables and descriptive circulars needed in planning a vacation, rather than to a dozen or a score of different addresses, are obvious, and the rapid increase in the amount of printed matter which is sent out shows more strongly than words the approval of our readers.

The resources of our Recreation Department have been greatly increased during the past few weeks, and we are ready to afford its best service to any number of applicants. The operation of the department will be most satisfactorily shown by quoting a few letters taken almost at random from the mails of the past few days. Some of the letters are condensed to economize space:

Publisher Christian Union:

I inclose your offer of last week, having checked desired pamphlets. Intending a trip abroad in the summer of '92, I shall be greatly obliged for the information you kindly offer. I suggest the name and address of a friend, whom I think would make use of the same information, since she contemplates a summer vacation excursion to Europe.

My own address is —— ——, Lake Geneva, Wis.

Publisher Christian Union:

Will you please send me as soon as possible any information you have, such as time-tables, hotel rates, fares, etc., as regards Jamaica, Bermuda, and Havana? My doctor has ordered me off. Allow me to thank you for your offer in The Christian Union that enables me to make this request.

Very truly, J. C.
GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

Publisher Christian Union:

Will the Recreation Department of The Christian Union kindly confer a favor upon an old subscriber by sending full information regarding Hot Springs, N. C.? What would be the desirable route from Toronto there? Also facts concerning hotels, railroad fare, etc., and one of the pamphlets mentioned in The Christian Union of March 5 would be gladly received; for instance, "A Description of Hot Springs, N. C."

Very sincerely, J. R. B.
TORONTO, Ont.

Publisher Christian Union:

Please send me circulars of tours or excursions to Seattle, Washington, during this year. Also time-tables of the Canadian Pacific R. R. and the Northern Pacific R. R., and oblige, Yours truly, E. A. W.
LINCOLN, Me.

Publisher Christian Union:

I desire to learn the names of the principal steamers between Cincinnati and New Orleans, also between St. Louis and New Orleans; also sailing dates in April and May, with rates of passage, etc. Although living near St. Louis (comparatively) I am unable to get any satisfactory information from that place. J. C. G.
CHICAGO, Ill.

Publisher Christian Union:

I contemplate a trip soon to Washington and California, going by Northern Pacific or by Great Northern and Canadian Pacific, and returning by Southern or Central Pacific. Will you kindly send me folders, time-tables, and such information as you can relative to hotels, etc., particularly hotel prices in California? You will greatly oblige a six years' subscriber. Yours truly, H. C.
ELK RIVER, Minn.

Publisher Christian Union:

I wish the current time-tables of the New York Central, Erie, and Pennsylvania, between New York and Chicago, and so avail myself of your kind offer. Yours truly,
GOSHEN, Conn. (Rev.) A. G. H.

Publisher Christian Unoin:

I have noticed for several weeks your offers relating to aid regarding those who wish to travel. It set me thinking, and the result is that I am planning to send my wife and boy East. She has several friends through New England, and the problem is how to visit them all at a reasonable cost. I will outline my plan as to a trip, and ask you to send me any time-tables and pamphlets which would assist me. . . . This means considerable trouble for you, but the helpful character of The Christian Union convinces me that your policy is helpfulness in all directions.
CHICAGO, Ill. H. K.

Publisher Christian Union

What information can you give me in regard to the trip over the Canada Pacific Railway to Japan, as described in the April number of "Harper's Monthly Magazine"? I would be pleased to receive time-table or any other information that you can get in regard to this trip. N. T. P.
MANCHESTER, Conn., March 23.

Publisher Christian Union:

Your favor of March 28 in sending a package of printed matter in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway trip to Japan received. Please accept thanks for the full manner in which you have answered the question. I shall be pleased to receive one of their new pamphlets when it is issued. It would seem to me that your scheme for a recreation department must prove a great success, and be quite a feature of the paper.
MANCHESTER, Conn., March 30. N. T. P.

Publisher Christian Union:

Please send me circulars, etc., relating to Virginia Beach, Va, and Old Point Comfort, Va., and the ways of reaching those places from New York. The convenience of your Recreation Department is appreciated.
NEW YORK, N. Y. W. B. G.

Publisher Christian Union:

Mrs. S—— desires me to acknowledge the receipt and to thank you for the printed matter that you have had the kindness to send her in response to her request.
BOSTON, Mass. J. S. B.

Publisher Christian Union:

Please send me "New York City, How to Know," published by the Grand Union Hotel, and, if it is not asking too much, "A Guide to the City of Washington." It is very kind of you to do these things for your subscribers, as you give them the *best paper* that I have seen. E. G.
RIDGEVILLE, Ill.

Success.

HOW SUCCESSFUL MEN HAVE ATTAINED IT.

I.

Colonel Albert A. Pope, of Boston, is the President and the principal stockholder of the Pope Manufacturing Company, which has done more than all other concerns combined to introduce and extend the use of bicycles and tricycles in this country. Colonel Pope is in a very broad sense a successful man. He was born in Boston in the year 1843, tracing his descent from an old Puritan family. His preliminary education was in the public schools, though after his tenth birthday he began active work, and since that time whatever book knowledge he has acquired has been by his own out-of-school effort. He began work at the age of nine, and to-day, at forty-eight, works harder than he has in any previous period. At the age of nineteen he entered the army as second lieutenant in the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment. There he was rapidly promoted, and during a considerable part of the next five years he commanded a regiment. The same activity and energy which characterized him as a boy in school and as a clerk in a store followed him into the army, and secured his rapid advancement. After the war he started and built up rapidly a large and successful business in boot and shoe findings. In 1878 he became interested in the bicycle, which had shortly before that become known in England. He investigated thoroughly the possibilities of the new invention, and soon began the manufacture of bicycles in this country. His broad liberality in introducing the new vehicle to public attention and favor illustrates the largeness of his character. Success and popularity followed his efforts, and to-day the business of the Pope Manufacturing Company is more than one million dollars a year, and is increasing at a marvelous rate.

In answer to my question as to the secret of his success, Colonel Pope said that it was, in his judgment, based on four principal things. The first was his ambition to help his parents. His father had lost his property and needed help. He began when a boy of nine years to work for the sake of adding to the comfort of his family. He accomplished his object, and for many years before his death his father had not only comfort but every luxury, and he has also been helpful in supporting and educating other members of his family. The second requisite for his success was persistence. He was early determined to finish whatever he undertook, and that characteristic has remained with him until this time. The third was the resolution never to spend money that he did not have, and never to spend all that he had. Following this plan, he has always had a reserve of capital to use in any emergency, and to invest whenever the right opportunity appeared. The fourth principle underlying his success was the teaching of his mother always to tell the truth. This lesson from a noble woman has been so firmly seated in his mind that it has remained with him through all his business career.

Ambition, persistence, economy, and truth—these are the four foundation stones upon which Colonel Pope bases his success in life. They are principles that deserve the loyalty of every young man. It is not all who can attain the notable business success which has come to this progressive manufacturer, but no one who begins with these principles firmly ingrained need fail of at least some measure of success.

Mrs. Margaret Custer Calhoun, sister of General Custer and widow of Lieutenant James Calhoun, is State Librarian at Lansing, Mich.

The "Interior," in referring to a discussion in regard to man's power to forgive sins, a discussion too lengthy to quote on this page, represents Dr. Lyman Abbott as probably saying: "I forgive everybody their sins." This is a good deal like a Spiritualist medium representing Shakespeare as saying: "Them things I have wrote is all true." Dr. Lyman Abbott would talk until he becomes Gray before he would say, "I forgive everybody *their* sins." When forgiving others he probably makes an exception of the "Interior" for its libel in regard to his grammar.—[The Midland, Omaha, Neb.

Edmund Clarence Stedman makes his summer home in a quaint stone house on New-Castle Island, in Piscataqua Bay. From the windows of this island villa there is an unsurpassed view of the ocean, and the irregular walls of the structure are overgrown with Virginia creepers and Japanese ivy. The house is furnished in the old Colonial style.

Probably the smallest salary in the world is that paid to the village watchman of Springstille, in Hessen. The amount of his daily income is four pfennigs, or less than one cent in our money. This is the same amount that was paid to the village watchman in the last century. However, the "fortunate" man receives an additional allowance of thirty cents a month for clothing, etc., and is entitled to free board and lodging from the inhabitants of the village. The present watchman, "Old Heinrich," is seventy years of age.

Christian Endeavor Topic.[1]

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

(Ps. cxxxix., 1-12; Jer. xxiii., 24.)

The picture of Adam and Eve attempting to hide themselves from the presence of the Lord because of the consciousness of guilt in their souls, and the picture of the Hebrew prophet seeking, by flight from the land under the acknowledged jurisdiction of Jehovah, to escape the responsibility of the duty laid upon him, set vividly before us the two great reasons why men shrink from the thought of an omniscient and omnipresent God; namely, the consciousness of unforgiven sin, and the unwillingness to do that which they know they ought to do. Without doubt we have all been moved by the same causes, and have learned, each for himself, that "flight from God to God must be."

The detective camera, silently noting the unconscious attitudes and the secret deeds of men, may serve to remind us of Him who has set our secret sins in the light of his countenance; and the plate that receives upon its surface the unsuspected beauties of field and forest, and the loved nooks in our homes, may also speak to us of Him who notes the humblest service done to the least of his brethren and counts it as done unto himself. All is known to God, the good as well as the evil, and the evil as well as the good; therefore he alone can judge us. This thought ought to make us more kind in our estimate of others. Thomas Carlyle, in writing of Robert Burns, says: "Not the few inches of reflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration."

There is much comfort for the Christian in the thought that God knows all about him. Though he may be of little account among men, still God sees and knows and loves him. He cannot be so surrounded by evil or so hedged in by perplexities but that he can trust the ever watchful God, who makes him as much his care as if there were no other being on the earth.

The fact that God sees all our work should make us careful in the doing of it, even as the artists of the olden days carved with equal care the unimportant and hidden parts, that their work might meet the approval of their gods, who could see all things. Shall we, who own allegiance to the "King that is above all gods," do less than these? But we are doing less when we in any way defraud our employers of the full time and interest which we owe them, when we fail to do any part of our daily work "as for his laws," and when we do no more in our nominal Christian work than is to be seen by others and for which we expect to receive their commendation.

Well might the Psalmist exclaim, as he contemplates his relation to the all-seeing God, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, it is high, I cannot attain unto it." And so, in the fullness of time, God sent his Son to tell the men that dared not come into his presence, save with burnt-offering and sacrifice, that the All-seeing One was the All-loving One, and that henceforth,

> "Seeing the Father through him, touching hands
> Of that large love which reaches out from heaven
> In his pierced palms,"

they might come into the presence of God as children—those to whom the right had been given, because of faith in him, to become children of God. Through the life and teachings of Christ men have come to know the meaning of purity and holiness as they never knew it before; yet we need not fear to meet the eye of God, if we are following in the footsteps of him who went over the same path and met the same evils and the same temptations that we meet, and are trusting him who has power to cleanse us from the soilure of each day's journey and is "able to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

[1] For the week beginning April 19, 1891.

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To her hospitable house came Tuckerman, elegant and accomplished; the handsome young poet and painter Cranch; George Ripley, most admirable of talkers, most faithful of friends, most genial of critics; Margaret Fuller, whom her lovers called the "Only," and her mislikers the "Terror;" Charles F. Briggs; the Carters; Grace Greenwood; the Cary sisters; Mrs. Howe; Curtis, the golden youth. Here the Stoddards and Stedman and H. H. were familiar figures, and Bayard Taylor and Count Gurowski. Here came Emerson for quiet household visits, and here the sad-eyed Delia Bacon brought her sorrows and was comforted.

It is not possible even to name the friends of the house, for, besides the best known of the writers and actors and painters, there were scores and scores of delightful people who were not even well known, but simply delightful. For admission here depended on none of the accidents of life, on none of the arbitrary social discriminations, but on personal quality, on "distinction" in the finest sense. For years it seemed as if this were the one truly cosmopolitan drawing-room in the city, because it drew the best from all sources. Italy and England, France and Germany, Spain, Russia, Norway, and Hungary, Siam, China, India, and Japan, sent guests hither. Liberals and conservatives, peers and revolutionists, holders of the most ancient traditions and advocates of the most modern theories, all found their welcome if they desired it, and each took away a new respect for the position of his opponent. —[Harper's Bazar.

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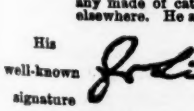
His well-known signature  as the trade-mark of

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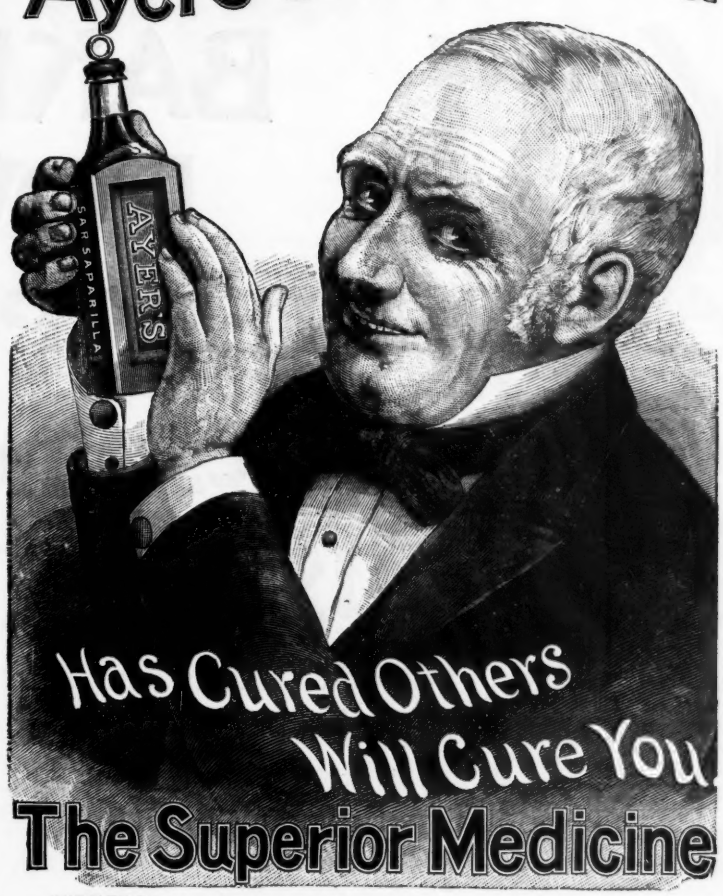

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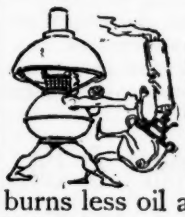

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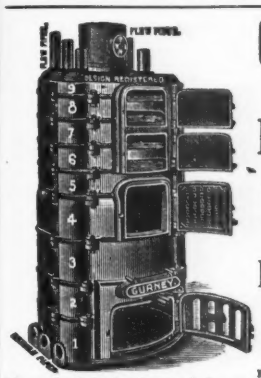

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